

AMERICAN GIRL

July
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by MARJORIE VETTER

THE GENTLE HOUSE. By ANNA PERROTT ROSE. Houghton, Mifflin Company, \$2.75. "Now don't be an old fool! No! You can't take him home with you! You're too old to tackle a young boy as wild as this one, with your husband dead and gone and no father to help you—" Even as she was giving herself this advice, the author was taking Andris into her heart and home. Andris was an eleven-year-old Latvian boy who had been bombed out of an orphanage in Latvia by the Russians, and who had barely kept alive in one D.P. camp after another until he was brought to America after the war. His experiences had left such deep scars that, although he was really an unusually bright and interesting child, he was rated almost a moron in official tests and many people considered him dangerously close to insanity. The author, who had brought up three children of her own and three foster children, had returned to teaching after her husband's death. In all her experience she had never had to deal with a child like Andris, quickly nicknamed Trinchy by his foster family. His tantrums included threatening with deadly seriousness to kill; biting; screaming for hours. This is the story of the courage, incredible patience, understanding, and love with which this remarkable woman gradually worked a transformation until we see Trinchy at fifteen, returned from the Boy Scout jamboree, tanned, erect, laughing, a normal happy American boy. It is a book which you can't put down until the last page is reached. Writing simply, with sympathy and humor, the author gives a wonderful picture of an extremely sensitive boy, brought by circumstances almost to the verge of disaster, and of the family in "the gentle house" who saved him.

THE CAVES OF THE GREAT HUNTERS. By HANS BAUMANN. Pantheon Books, \$3.00. There is a romantic excitement about the unearthing of ancient cities, tools, or records of any sort by which scholars piece together the life and customs of people who died thousands of years before history books were written. There is a thrill in the discovery and exploration of any unknown cave running deep into the earth. Couple these two together and you have a story more fascinating than fiction. In 1940, this fabulous adventure actually befell four boys and a dog when, wandering over a hill in southwestern France, they discovered the now-famous Lascaux Cave. Theirs were the first eyes in thousands of years to look upon the masterly reproductions—mighty beasts and the men who subdued them—which the artists among the great hunters of the ice age had painted some fifty thousand years ago on the walls of the cave. Here in this cold and sunless place these amazingly realistic and lively paintings had remained undamaged through the centuries with colors so fresh the paint

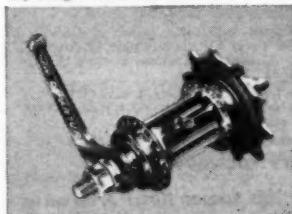
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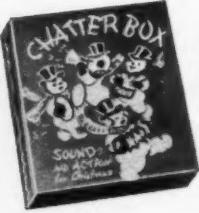
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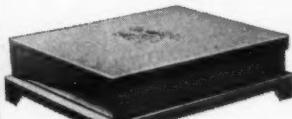
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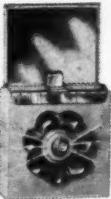
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came off on the hand of one of the boys. This is the story of the discovery of Lascaux and of nearly one hundred ice-age caves that have been found, many of them by youngsters, in France and Spain. It tells also what archaeologists have been able to learn about prehistoric man from these remarkable paintings of the ice age—details of his struggle for survival, his customs and ceremonies, his spiritual development, and artistic ability. The author spent much time in these caves studying the paintings. His guides in many cases, including Lascaux, were the very boys who had made the discoveries. A generous number of reproductions of drawings and paintings from the caves illustrate this unusual book.

THE BARRED ROAD. By ADELE DE LEEUW. *The Macmillan Company*, \$2.75. The Trowbridges moved to Brookhaven in Susan's junior year at high school. They had to make the best of an old house in a section no longer fashionable. Mrs. Trowbridge, hoping to establish pleasant social relations with the right people, lavished her energy on keeping the house presentable in contrast to the untidy house and grounds of her gay, shiftless neighbors next door. Sue liked the spacious old house and the new town where she quickly made friends and a place for herself in school. At the Glee Club tryouts she met Beth Varley, the daughter of a Negro doctor, and was thrilled by her beautiful voice. Sue liked Beth and wanted to be friends with her, but she soon realized that in Brookhaven such a friendship would mean social ostracism and greatly distress her mother. Though she realized that argument would be useless and she could not disobey certain edicts of her mother, she dared to stand up for what she felt was right, so far as she could, no matter what it cost. She continued her friendship with Beth, refused to sing at a Woman's Club concert from which Beth had been excluded, and never ceased to try to draw Beth and the other Negro boys and girls into school affairs. The situation became more complicated when the Varleys bought the house next door to the Trowbridges and Dave, the boy Sue especially liked, seemed to uphold the other side. Through Sue's patient, self-sacrificing, persistent efforts, and the high caliber of the Negroes themselves, conditions are changed in the Trowbridge family and in Brookhaven High, until Sue can say happily to Dave, "The time shall come when man to man shall be a friend and brother." This is another thoughtful novel about a present-day problem to list with Phyllis Whitney's story of the migrant worker, "A Long Time Coming," reviewed last month. It is handled honestly and without exaggeration, and the characters are interesting and real.

TREASURE-DIVING HOLIDAYS. By JANE AND BARNEY CRILE. *Viking*, \$3.95. Rusted cannon, pieces of eight, Spanish doubloons, and first-century Greek vases are not the only treasures of the sea. Turtles, abalones, octopuses, lobsters, grunion, coral, but most of all the strange and beautiful sights of the ocean floor—all these were treasures luring the Criles to spend their holidays under the sea. Diving for treasure is exciting and romantic, and these authors tried that, too; but even without the shadowy hulls of long-lost ships, the dark, mysterious depths of the sea hold a fascination. "I hit bottom . . . my senses cleared . . . to a world of half-lights and silence . . . a hushed cathedral where muted rays of (Continued on page 30)

The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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Cover by Paul Parker

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

Home-Canning Roundtable

by Lucina Ball



THESE DAYS, WHEN EVERY PENNY COUNTS, WISE HOME-PLANNING INCLUDES LOTS OF HOME CANNING. Consider how much farther your money goes with good, nutritious home-canned foods—put up at a cost of only 3¢ per jar for heat, jar and closure—with jar-life estimated at 8 years (based on reliable surveys). So, can MORE—for balanced diets and budgets!



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2 cups sugar 1 tablespoon allspice
1½ teaspoons salt 3½ cups vinegar

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Remembered Island

Ken's book signed by another man's name—Rhoda knew it, but could she hope to prove it?

PART ONE

THE TRAIN CREAKED slowly out of the Minneapolis station. Rhoda Brown glanced at her wrist watch as she moved down the aisle. Midnight. She had almost missed her connection. The heat and her haste had brought a sheen of perspiration to her nose and the delicate arch of her cheekbones. Her dark bangs clung to her forehead. A few more hours and she would be home—home to Lake Indigo and Half-Moon Island, the sound of loons . . . moonlight . . . the somber pines . . . Ken . . . Her throat tightened. No. Not Ken.

A girl's hearty voice exclaimed, "What are you doing here, stranger?"

Rhoda turned, her brown eyes widening as she saw plump, freckled Nicky Plum. "Nicky! What are *you* doing here?"

"Just been visiting in St. Paul. Have a seat." Nicky gestured.

Rhoda moved in beside Nicky, grateful for a seat and for a companion to distract her from her own thoughts.

"Where's your grandmother?" Nicky demanded, her hazel eyes bright with curiosity.

"Back in Chicago with Mom and Dad. She fell and hurt herself during the fire last fall, you know. Dad insists she has to get really well before she opens up the lake house for tourists again."

"Lucky the whole place didn't burn down," Nicky said. "We could see the blaze way over at our place. But the Wellington fire department kept it confined to one room."

Rhoda nodded, remembering how Grandma Brown had talked of nothing else for weeks. The fire had started in a storage room stuffed with discarded furniture, old trunks—the accumulation of years.

by BARBI ARDEN

Illustrations by John Fornie



Mayhew patted her shoulder.
"Cry all you want. It's
all right. I understand."

In Ferne

Nicky said, "Rhoda, you're not going to run Idlewild resort yourself this summer!"

"Hardly! I'm just going to clear out Grandmother's things, and have the furniture stored so she can rent the house unfurnished. Good old Miss Mayhew is there, of course, to help." As she mentioned the name of the stalwart, merry spinster who had been Grandmother's housekeeper for years, she felt a warm anticipation.

"Mayhew still goes barging around town in that tin Lizzie of hers, getting local news for the paper," Nicky said. "I haven't been out to Idlewild for ages." She looked directly at Rhoda. "Wasn't that terrible about Ken Lee?"

Rhoda managed a terse, "Yes."

"It was awful for his mother," Nicky raced on, "getting a telegram from the War Department like that, saying Ken had been killed. She died only a few months afterward; a broken heart, they say." Nicky sighed. "Remember how Ken always used to meet you at the depot every summer when you came to visit Idlewild?"

Rhoda nodded and turned her face toward the night-blind window. Yes. Even after he had graduated from high school and she was still just a sophomore, he had always been there, his lean face eager, waiting . . . He wouldn't be now. She had to accept that. After two years she ought to be able to talk about it. Yet, she could only sit silent, staring into the darkness. Maybe later, after she had done what she had come to Lake Indigo to do . . .

She glanced at Nicky. What would Nicky say if she told her the real reason for this trip? Nicky would gasp and say, "Rhoda, you always did have a wild imagination!"

"How long will your vacation be?" Nicky asked.

"No vacation, Nicky. Just two weeks of work and then back to Chicago to practice the piano some more and prepare for a recital." Her piano and the dogged hours of practice at Bolten Conservatory had been her salvation when she learned about Ken. The work at college had been her only escape. Ken had never had a chance to go to college. He had wanted to, terribly. He had wanted to learn everything there was to learn, read every book written, see every city, every star . . .

He had seen Korea and the mud and the cold. In his last letter he had written, "There are flowers, Rhoda, even here." And he had enclosed a frail, withered bloom.

The overhead lights went off. Nicky peered through the gloom. "Isn't that Ken's ring you're wearing?"

It was a cheap ring, a silver band with a blue-green stone that was more like a pebble than a jewel.

Rhoda nodded. Then, to change the subject, she murmured, "I think I'll try to sleep a little." As she turned sidewise on the seat her foot accidentally pushed against her canvas brief case, spilling

its full load of books out on the floor. She reached down hastily, but Nicky was ahead of her. Nicky lifted one of the books and squinted at the title.

"Oh," said Nicky, "it's that 'Indigo Afternoons'! I guess everybody who's ever seen Lake Indigo has read that. Say, did you know that the author, Will Nash, has rented the Lee house on Half-Moon Island?"

Rhoda stiffened. "I knew he was in Wellington but—not in Ken's house! Why? Why is he living there?"

Nicky shrugged. "I guess because old Jesse Lee rented it to him. Jesse moved down to the smokehouse. The Nashes came out early. Boy, I'll bet they almost froze. Remember how cold it always was in that old house, and how Ken's dad would sit in front of the stove and feed it just one stick at a time? Peter Strasser used to say—you remember Peter, of course?"

"Of course," Rhoda said. It was impossible to remember Ken without remembering Peter, too. Peter . . . Ken . . . herself. The trio.

"Peter's been back home every summer to help his folks run the resort. He's going to the U—taking up medicine. He always said he'd be a doctor. Remember?"

Remember? Remember? Yes; that was her trouble, Rhoda reflected. Her memory was too good. She leaned back against the headrest again, closing her eyes. Peter Strasser. His blond image cavorted across her mind, carrying a thousand other images with it. She thought, I'm glad Peter's there. I'm glad that Peter, at least, is home.

It took Rhoda a moment to realize where she was when she opened her eyes and sat up in the hard, dusty seat. The air blowing in through the window was cool now, and as she inhaled a deep breath she caught the spicy fragrance of pines. As she leaned closer to the glass and looked out at the misty landscape—the familiar cut-over land with acres of brush and fire-blackened stumps, sumac and blueberry bushes, the sudden glitter of one of Minnesota's ten thousand lakes—her heart tightened.

"It's a funny thing," Ken had written to her, "but sometimes, just when the guns are yammering their loudest, I can actually imagine I hear the sudden loud laugh of a loon. Golly, how I miss those birds!"

The train wheels seemed to chant: "How I miss those birds, how I miss those birds . . ." She took a copy of "Indigo Afternoons" from the brief case and opened it to page ten, though she knew the printed words by heart.

How I miss those loons. Sometimes above the yammering of the guns, I fancy I almost hear their wild, sudden laughter.

She turned to another place marked with a torn scrap of paper. *Even in the midst of this war, tiny bell-shaped flowers grow in the very crevices of death.* She put her hand to her forehead, seeming

to smell the withered fragrance of the bell-shaped flower Ken had mailed.

It was more than coincidence: the same phrases, the same kinds of flowers noted and described. At first, when she had begun to read the book, she had been merely astonished that Will Nash's experiences in the flashbacks to Lake Indigo and in descriptions of Korea could be so reminiscent of Ken Lee. Gradually, as the familiar phrases and events piled up, astonishment changed to a painful wonder, and wonder to confusion and doubt. She had burned Ken's letters last winter because she could not bear to read them over and over, yet could not keep from reading them. Now, as she pressed her hand to her forehead, she thought: What if I only imagine Ken wrote those things? What if I can't trust my memory? Maybe I'm mixed up, somehow. One fact remained. Ken *had* been writing a book in camp, and later in the base hospital in Korea. He had not mentioned what it was about, but he had referred to it often during the last months. He had almost welcomed being hospitalized with shrapnel in his leg because it gave him a chance to finish what he jokingly called "Opus Number One." Where was Ken's book now?

Dad was the only person she had confided in. She remembered his words: "You can't prove such a thing without concrete evidence. Anyhow, honey, are you sure that your emotions aren't influencing you too much, your desire that Ken might have written such a book to leave behind him?"

Was that it? The book jacket seemed to dance under her eyes, a blur of color and jumbled letters that gradually settled into place to form the words: by WILL NASH.

A plump hand inserted itself between Rhoda's gaze and the book. "Bookworm," Nicky said. She yawned prodigiously. "You sure must like that book, to lug around a whole sack full of 'em. Why so many copies?"

"The girls at Bolten sent them along for Will Nash's autograph."

"Wish you luck," Nicky said. "He's very arty and unsociable. Say, get your stuff together—we're almost at Wellington!"

As the train ground to a halt and the girls made their way down the aisle, Nicky said, "You're going to need help, getting those autographs. I'll go with you. When are you going over to Half-Moon?"

"I don't know yet, but I'd surely be glad to have your company. I hate to row over there alone."

"You'll have to pick a time when I'm not on duty at old Dubbins' drugstore."

Nicky stepped out on the cinder-block platform, Rhoda close behind her. "Deserted!" Nicky groaned. "My wretched brother was to meet me." Rhoda looked about expectantly. "Mayhew's late, too."

A figure detached itself from the end of the train.

"Rich tourist," Nicky observed. "He got off the Pullman." (Continued on page 29)

It took all her strength to keep the rolling

Penguin from capsizing

THE LITTLE SAILBOAT TRIMMED WELL. It was a Penguin about twelve feet long and light in the water. The young Kennys loved it. While their parents lingered over coffee and fed the baby on board the *Phyllis*, the sloop on which the family spent their summers, fourteen-year-old Babs and Eddie, her sixteen-year-old brother, usually enjoyed a short evening sail. This evening Babs was holding the tiller while Eddie handled the sheet.

"I'll take her now, Sis," Eddie said after a time, "I've got to get dressed."

"Okay." Babs relinquished the tiller and took the sheet, ducking low under the boom as Eddie put the boat about and headed into the harbor. The breeze was light and they ghosted along in silence among the moored boats.

"Will you and Mom be very late tonight?" Babs' voice held an anxious note.

"Oh, not too. It's only about twenty miles," Eddie replied reassuringly. "Gee, I wish Dad were here to take Mom."

Babs nodded in sympathy. Uncle Harry had suddenly become ill and Aunt Clara had sent for Mother. Since Dad was away on a business trip, Eddie would have to drive his mother to his uncle's house. There were duties as well as privileges in being sixteen.

"Can I sail her by myself a little while longer?" Babs knew the answer before she made her request.

"Nothing doing. I'm taking no chances on having my boat cracked up. Besides you have to stay with Boots."

Both Kennys concentrated on their landing as they approached the *Phyllis*. The sloop was a gleaming white and her varnished mast shone in the last rays of the setting sun.

Eddie steered the Penguin close to her stern and then headed up. He always made a good landing, no matter what the wind. Babs let out the sheet and they both grabbed the rail of the *Phyllis* so that Babs could clamber aboard to make fast the painter. This done, she sat down on deck and let her bare legs dangle over the water. Eddie and the little boat drifted back on the line.

"Couldn't I just sail you ashore in her after you get dressed?" she pleaded again, as Eddie began to take off the sail.

"Look, Babs, you can't handle a boat alone yet. Why, you don't even know where the wind is most of the time. We'll take the rowboat ashore."

Their mother called from the companionway, "Aren't you going to take out the mast, Eddie?"

Eddie glanced at the sky. "No, Mom, there won't be any wind tonight. Okay, Sis, pull me in."

Babs got up and pulled in the line, bringing the Penguin alongside so that Eddie could come aboard with his sail

bag. Then she turned away to go below.

Her mother was washing the dishes and laying them on a towel to drain. Boots was on his tummy in the port bunk which had been made into a crib by the addition of wooden bars. Babs wiped a red plastic cup and gave it to the baby to play with.

"Poor Bootie, you have over fifteen years to wait before you can have a boat of your own. Look, Mom, do I really have to wait till I'm sixteen? I can sail all right now."

"I know you can, dear, but just be patient. Maybe because your father had his first boat when he was sixteen, he thinks you should have yours at that age, too."

Eddie, who had come down the companionway ladder and stopped by the baby's bunk to play with him for the moment, added, "Colly, Sis, I saved my money and waited ages to get the Penguin."

"I know. And you let me sail her when you're with me, anyway." Babs was used to philosophizing about the role of the younger sister.

Eddie pulled his finger from the baby's clutching fist and went forward to get dressed. The forward cabin consisted of a big bin for sails and a pipe berth but Eddie liked it. The rest of the family slept in the main cabin, Mrs. Kenny in the starboard bunk opposite the baby and Babs and her father in the two quarter bunks.

We won't be late, dear." Alice Kenny settled herself in the stern seat of the rowboat which Eddie was holding alongside the *Phyllis*. "Boots will probably

sleepy water was hardly disturbed. When he rounded the sandy point into the inner harbor and she could no longer see his boat, she could still hear the rhythmic snap of the rowlocks, so still was the evening.

It was the quiet of an age-old deception. Babs, curled up on her mother's bunk, was awakened some hours later by the pitching of the boat and the sharp slapping of the waves on the hull. With a sinking feeling, she realized she was still alone with the baby.

Standing in the companionway she could see the Penguin rolling with the waves. She wished Eddie had taken out the mast. Its weight could pull the little boat over in a strong wind. But it would surely capsize now if she tried to stand in the bow and unstep the mast. The wind was blowing straight into the harbor. South wind meant nothing. It should haul around to the west and give them a lee. Funny time of night for it though.

Babs turned back to the warmth of the cabin. She leaned low over the baby to listen for the regular breathing of sleep. Then she stretched out again on the opposite bunk. Her eyes had grown accustomed to the dark, and she could see the masts of the schooner moored astern through the companionway. Up and down and now a roll, and up and down and now a roll . . .

Suddenly they were not going up and down; they were not lined up in the same way; they were turning. Babs ran to the ladder and saw the schooner heading straight toward the point.

When she went up to the cockpit, the



go right to sleep. Remember, if you need anything blow for Carl."

Carl and his wife Minnie ran the gasoline dock in the inner harbor and gave launch service to the moored boats if one blew the horn loudly enough.

Babs loitered on deck to watch the little boat pull away. She felt lonely and wished she had asked a girl friend from shore to spend the night with her. The breeze had died and the water was calm, almost glassy, in the twilight. Eddie was right about no wind. He rowed smoothly, feathering his oars so that the

force of the wind and the lurching of the boat sent her sprawling on the seat for a moment. She recovered, climbed over the coaming, and crawled on all fours to the bow. The deck was slippery with spray. On her knees, wide spread for balance, she unlashed the anchor and raised it up from the chocks, pushed the arm through and secured it with the pin-and-snap hook. She laid it on the deck and crept farther forward to lead the line under and through the bow chock. Green water struck her full in the face and left her gasping for (Continued on page 26)

Babs had never sailed by herself, and she was alone with a baby
on a sloop rapidly filling with water.



Water Sprite

by JANE MAGEE

CARIN CONE, fourteen-year-old swimming champion, and, when she plays it straight, a student in Ridgewood, New Jersey, was explaining sportsmanship. Her cheeks were pink and her short blond hair damp from the pool.

"No one talks about it very much, but it's something you feel," she said. "I've always been taught that you must learn to be a good sport before you can learn to be a good swimmer."

Carin, who has the 300-meter Junior National Individual Medley Championship — and record — pointed to the motto of the Women's Swimming Association of New York on the wall nearby: "Good sportsmanship is greater than victory."

"That's what I mean," she explained.

Finished swimming for the day, Carin had donned her gray-wool peg pants and gray-wool sweater. She was seated beside the Association's indoor pool where at the age of six she had taken her first swimming lesson. That year her father, L. Raymond Cone, safety director at a Bendix plant, decided that Carin must learn to swim if she expected ever to go out in boats. He had no way of knowing then that from his interest in safety would develop a champion. But Carin was a water sprite from the beginning.

Today, Carin Cone has chalked up nine metropolitan championships, plus the national championship she won last August in Boston, despite the fact that she was the youngest entrant—then only thirteen!

The fact that her national title includes the word "Junior" does not mean that only teen-agers competed for it. It denotes the requirement that entrants shall not have taken part in previous national competitions for that title. As a matter of fact, Carin won over a college girl.

Looking back now, Carin feels it was the experience she gained at the Georgia Peach Meet in June, preceding the big Boston contest, which gave her the necessary preparation.

"And I had such fun at the Georgia Peach Meet," she recalled. "I can hardly wait to go again this year!" She laughed. "It was Southern! When we arrived, they handed us peaches and Confederate flags! The night before the meet we were treated to 'mint juleps'—ginger ale over ice cream. The night after the meet there was a big dance."

At the Peach Meet Carin was both a winner and a loser. She came in second in the Junior National Backstroke, but set two new records, in the breast stroke and free style. It was her first competition beyond the borders of New York State, and a wonderful experience meeting girls from all over the country. Nor is it surprising that "Sunny" Bippus, the young swimmer who defeated her in the backstroke, and whom she defeated in the free style, has become one of her close friends. The two corresponded all last winter.

With her first big meet behind her, Carin went on to Boston feeling like a seasoned veteran, ready to compete in the National Medley at the Charles Bank Pool. For the Medley Championship race, three strokes were required: breast stroke; the backstroke; and the free style, or crawl. Carin broke the Medley record by seven seconds, finishing the 300 yards in 4 minutes, 41 seconds.

"It was very exciting!" she recalled. "The heats were held



in the afternoon, to select the six top winners. The finals were at night—what a thrill! They had the fire department's big spotlights trained on us to tell exactly when we touched. It was the first time I had competed at night with so many good swimmers!"

Carin is in luck in one respect. Her Medley record, seven seconds better than had ever been made, will stand without future challengers in this great national meet. For this summer the requirements for the Medley are being changed. Formerly a contestant could use either the orthodox breast stroke or the "butterfly." Henceforth these will be considered as two separate strokes, and the Medley will include all four: breast stroke, backstroke, butterfly, and free style.

If you want to make progress in swimming, Carin might be a good person to ask. In January, the Women's Swimming Association of New York gave her its Charlotte Epstein Award, "for the greatest progress and achievement of the year 1953." That wasn't a teen-ager prize, either; the award covered all members of the Association, teen-agers and adults. Carin's name was added to those on the wall plaque in the room just off the pool.

A teen-age champion
gives some tips
to would-be mermaids



Blue photo by Haviland
Other photos by Alex Liech



Swimming does not interfere with Carin Cone's many other interests. She loves to cook and sew, to paint and play the flute to her dad's accompaniment. And of course she has time to romp with her Persian kittens—who hate water sports! Carin attacks homework with the spirit that won her those medals and trophies



Above the names is a reminder: that motto about sportsmanship.

Carin loves to help the younger children who come to the Association pool to learn to swim. As she sat talking with this writer at the edge of the pool, her eyes followed the swimmers speeding up and down—some beginners, some experts. She pointed out the three strokes she had used in the Medley—breast stroke, backstroke, free style or crawl.

"In the backstroke you must lie flat," she explained. "You can't get anywhere if you lie up in the water. The flatter you lie the less the water works against you. In the crawl you don't get anywhere if you have your head out of the water. You've got to breathe in the water. If you put your head out your feet go down. These two," she added, "are the most popular strokes."

We asked her about the butterfly.

"It's a combination of the free style or crawl and the breast stroke," she said. "You should swim well before you attempt it, for it's the most strenuous. It's now recognized as a separate stroke from the breast stroke, and it's used in racing. Yes, I love to do it!"

What about bathing suits?

Carin smiled. "No fancy affair for real swimming," she said. She glanced around the pool and spotted a girl who was wearing a suit like her own. "It's a lightweight nylon tank suit—the only thing to wear, really! Straps on some of the other suits cut you. These suits are the same in front as in back. They're black. We also have navy sweat shirts and pants."

The "we" is the senior team of the Women's Swimming Association, of which Carin is a member. She has a lot of fun with them, at meets in the city, and sometimes out of town. During the winter she trains at the New York pool, a forty-five-minute jaunt from her home, three or four times a week. In summer she makes the trip only once a week, spending the remainder of her swimming time in the outdoor pool at Ridgewood. If she misses swimming for more than a week, she explained, it shows up in her speed.

All this is plenty of activity for a girl who was fourteen on Easter Sunday. But Carin insists she's having the time of her life. Perhaps it is because (Continued on page 40)

Grass on the Mountain

Confused, hurt by ugliness,
a young Navajo artist
learns that "Beauty is truth"

by JESSIE ALFORD NUNN

Illustration by André Garcia

CHEE YAZZIE stared out of the window of the rattling school bus at the hot, barren sand, the squalid hogans, and rib-sprung horses. Around him the other students returning for the summer from the government boarding school at Santa Fe laughed, sang, and engaged in occasional high-spirited horseplay. Chee did not even glance at them.

"Ai yai, foolish ones," he said to himself out of the sickness of his heart, "laugh, sing now, but wait. One day Natahani at the school will give you a thing called a diploma, and you will take it and ride away into the desert and not come back. You will search the split, dry arroyos, the flat, sullen landscape for something you cannot find, although you look and look until your eyeballs ache in their sockets."

"Hage, old Clizzie," one of the girls called to him. "Why do you hang your head so low? Is the grass so short for your grazing?"

He shrugged and turned away. In an unconscious gesture of hopelessness and contempt he flung his battered drawing portfolio under the seat. His violence split the frayed cardboard and spilled some drawings out, fanlike, on the dirty floor. Impatiently he gathered them and picked up the portfolio to thrust them inside. Then he glanced at the pictures and arrested his hand. Separating one drawing from the others, he laid it on the torn portfolio which he now held on his lap. It was not new, and he smiled now at its crudity. This rough outline sketch of his old grandfather, Medicine Man Yazzie, when had he made that? *Ai yai!* this was surely the Old One, with a face like the red rock and the eyes that could see far back to the beginnings of things. Now he remembered; he had drawn it in the sixth-grade class of the white teacher, Mrs. Henry, who had been his friend. Absently he took out a drawing pencil and corrected the sketch here and there. The white teacher had shown him many things about drawing. She had told him often that his work was good and she had liked this picture of the Old One so much that she had kept it many days on the bulletin board in the classroom.

"It is a true thing," she said to him.

"Draw more and bring your work to me."

Well, he had drawn many more pictures, and Mrs. Henry had not made him stop when the others went to the blackboard for arithmetic.

When he had graduated from the day school, Mrs. Henry had talked to him about the big boarding school at Santa Fe where he could learn from other teachers who knew much about the making of pictures.

"I do not know," he said, "where is this Santa Fe? It seems far away and none of my family has been there, and my mother wishes me at home to herd the sheep."

"You must go, Chee Yazzie," she urged him. "It is right for you to do this. The things you say in these drawings are true, good things. They are strong and right. But you must learn more and I cannot teach you any longer."

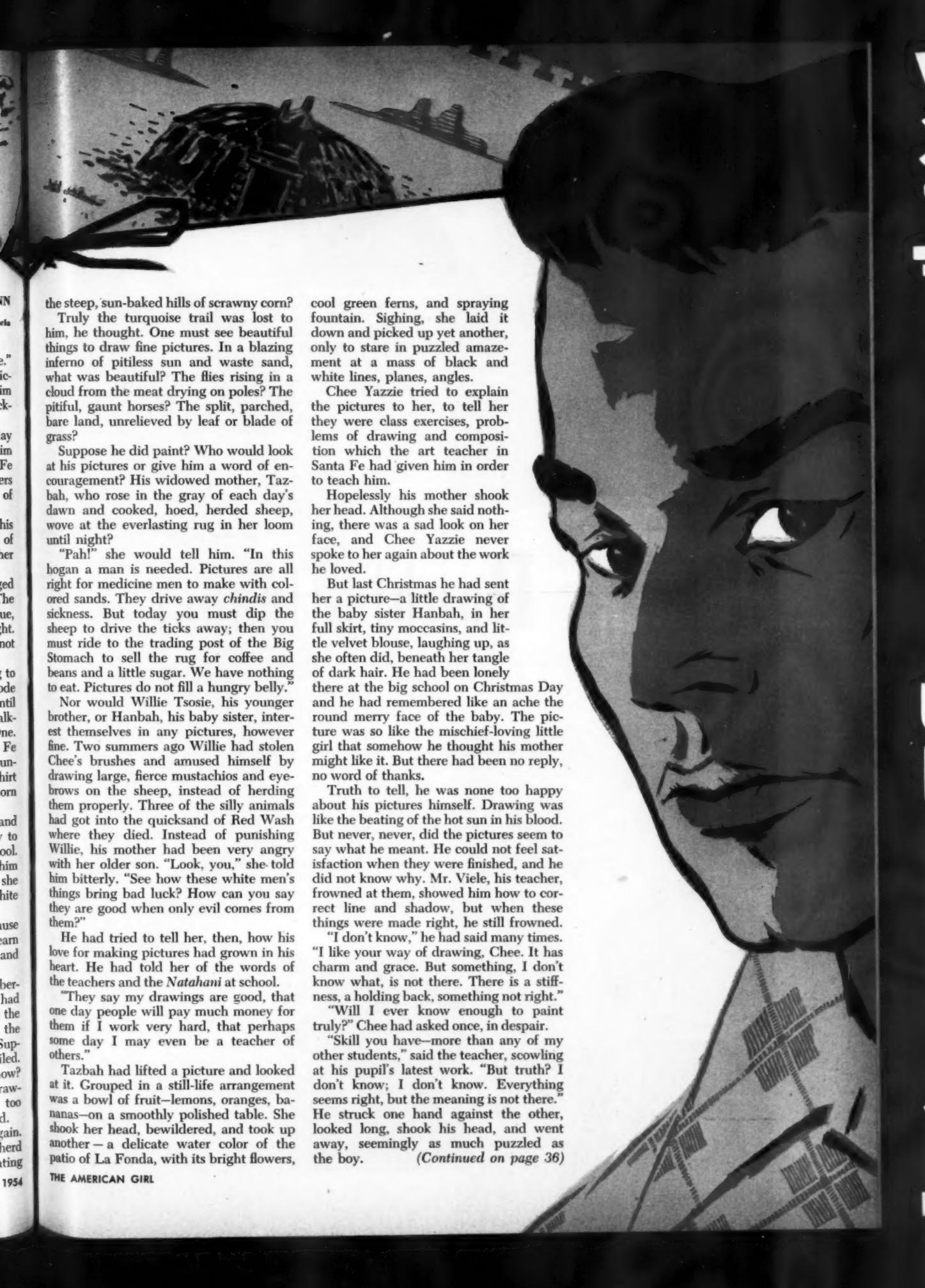
But his mother had not been willing to let him go until one day Mrs. Henry rode painfully over the mountains and sat until middle of day in the hogan, talking, talking, with the mother and the Old One. And when the school bus from Santa Fe came crawling and panting up the mountain, Chee Yazzie rolled up his other shirt and put it under his arm with his worn portfolio, and boarded the bus.

They had stopped at the day school and Mrs. Henry came out to say good-by to those who were going to boarding school. Chee shook hands as she had taught him to do. "This will not be an easy thing," she warned him. "It is hard to learn white men's ways."

"It will be easy," he boasted, because already he felt a little lonely. "I will learn everything very fast and I will draw and paint every day."

Chee looked into himself, remembering. What a little one, a *tstchisilli*, he had been that day! Suddenly he crumpled the drawings, shoved them roughly into the folder, and pushed it under the seat. Suppose they did get dirty, damaged, spoiled. What good would they ever do him now? He flung his box of paints after the drawings. *Chindi* things! They took up too much room and his legs were cramped.

He would never draw or paint again. That he knew. Could one paint and herd sheep? Could one draw while irrigating



the steep, sun-baked hills of scrawny corn?

Truly the turquoise trail was lost to him, he thought. One must see beautiful things to draw fine pictures. In a blazing inferno of pitiless sun and waste sand, what was beautiful? The flies rising in a cloud from the meat drying on poles? The pitiful, gaunt horses? The split, parched, bare land, unrelieved by leaf or blade of grass?

Suppose he did paint? Who would look at his pictures or give him a word of encouragement? His widowed mother, Tazbah, who rose in the gray of each day's dawn and cooked, hoed, herded sheep, wove at the everlasting rug in her loom until night?

"Pah!" she would tell him. "In this hogan a man is needed. Pictures are all right for medicine men to make with colored sands. They drive away *chindis* and sickness. But today you must dip the sheep to drive the ticks away; then you must ride to the trading post of the Big Stomach to sell the rug for coffee and beans and a little sugar. We have nothing to eat. Pictures do not fill a hungry belly."

Nor would Willie Tsosie, his younger brother, or Hanbah, his baby sister, interest themselves in any pictures, however fine. Two summers ago Willie had stolen Chee's brushes and amused himself by drawing large, fierce mustachios and eyebrows on the sheep, instead of herding them properly. Three of the silly animals had got into the quicksand of Red Wash where they died. Instead of punishing Willie, his mother had been very angry with her older son. "Look, you," she told him bitterly. "See how these white men's things bring bad luck? How can you say they are good when only evil comes from them?"

He had tried to tell her, then, how his love for making pictures had grown in his heart. He had told her of the words of the teachers and the *Natahani* at school.

"They say my drawings are good, that one day people will pay much money for them if I work very hard, that perhaps some day I may even be a teacher of others."

Tazbah had lifted a picture and looked at it. Grouped in a still-life arrangement was a bowl of fruit—lemons, oranges, bananas—on a smoothly polished table. She shook her head, bewildered, and took up another—a delicate water color of the patio of La Fonda, with its bright flowers,

cool green ferns, and spraying fountain. Sighing, she laid it down and picked up yet another, only to stare in puzzled amazement at a mass of black and white lines, planes, angles.

Chee Yazzie tried to explain the pictures to her, to tell her they were class exercises, problems of drawing and composition which the art teacher in Santa Fe had given him in order to teach him.

Hopelessly his mother shook her head. Although she said nothing, there was a sad look on her face, and Chee Yazzie never spoke to her again about the work he loved.

But last Christmas he had sent her a picture—a little drawing of the baby sister Hanbah, in her full skirt, tiny moccasins, and little velvet blouse, laughing up, as she often did, beneath her tangle of dark hair. He had been lonely there at the big school on Christmas Day and he had remembered like an ache the round merry face of the baby. The picture was so like the mischief-loving little girl that somehow he thought his mother might like it. But there had been no reply, no word of thanks.

Truth to tell, he was none too happy about his pictures himself. Drawing was like the beating of the hot sun in his blood. But never, never, did the pictures seem to say what he meant. He could not feel satisfaction when they were finished, and he did not know why. Mr. Viele, his teacher, frowned at them, showed him how to correct line and shadow, but when these things were made right, he still frowned.

"I don't know," he had said many times. "I like your way of drawing, Chee. It has charm and grace. But something, I don't know what, is not there. There is a stiffness, a holding back, something not right."

"Will I ever know enough to paint truly?" Chee had asked once, in despair.

"Skill you have—more than any of my other students," said the teacher, scowling at his pupil's latest work. "But truth? I don't know; I don't know. Everything seems right, but the meaning is not there." He struck one hand against the other, looked long, shook his head, and went away, seemingly as much puzzled as the boy.

(Continued on page 36)



Play it smart both ways—prim and demure with white piqué Puritan collar; bare and festive without. Slim bodice, back-buttoned and self-belted, bursts into a far-flung skirt with side pockets. Sleeves are short, shirred, and raglan. Crown's Soap 'n' Water combed cotton-satin with Everglaze finish (navy, black, or brown print) 8-16 teen; by Arteens. About \$13

Double-Header



High-scoring fashion with a talent for flattery from slim, buttoned bodice to full-blooming skirt. Keyhole neckline may be worn with or without washable-felt ascot. Pseudo tape-measure belt guarantees a small waistline. Black-and-white or brown-and-white cotton tweed, by Bobby Teen; 8-14 subteen. About \$6



The decision is yours! Fill in cuffed, scoop neck with shirt-collared dickey or, if there's a party in the offing, remove and add your prettiest necklace. (Dickey is full size; ties at waist.) Decide, too, on sleeve length via drawstrings. Mooresville's tapestry cotton in brown with turquoise, or blue with gold; 8-14 subteen, by La Crosse. About \$11



A hit in any league—dresses with two winning points of view to increase your fashion average! Wear them as shown or improvise to suit your fancy. For store listings turn to page 46

A double play that makes a bid for attention. The "plays" are as unlimited as your imagination. Striped jumper with six-gore skirt, V-neck front and back, encloses or exposes solid shirt. (Belted shirt doubles as easy-to-wear jacket.) By Shirley Lee in rust, brown, green, red, or purple denim, 7-15 for teens. About \$11





At little cost, you can paint these tiles and bake them in your own oven. They will make handsome gifts that can be used for hot-dish mats, or as pictures on the wall, while friends admire your originality, and beautiful designs

Drawings by Hilda Glasgow.

ITEMS COURTESY OF SINGER
SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
J. WISS & SONS COMPANY,
COATS & CLARK THREADS

Christmas in July

*Six months gone and six to go
Till Santa comes with bells and snow!
Don't lose a moment—start today
Filling his bag with treasures gay!*



Collars and ties are gifts that will delight the girl friends, and here is a gay selection. The first one is cut out of felt and trimmed with sequins; the second is any pastel net ornamented with white crocheted roses; the third is all crochet, in thread of color and silver or gold; the fourth a graceful tie of net and flowers. You'll have fun making and giving them!



This charming party apron is simple and unusual. Its material is a bright chintz adorned with easy-to-iron-on trimmings and attached to a plastic hoop that clips around any waist; or if you prefer you can make it with a belt and ribbons to tie in back

To get free, easy-to-follow instructions for all these items, send a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope to Betty Brooks, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

There is poetry in shining hair
and the clever girl learns how
to keep it lovely in summertime

Sun on Your Crown

by GLYNNE

IF YOU COMBINE three elements—water, sun, and air—with young people, you come up with laughter and fun. You come up, too, with a barrage of laments and squalls about hair “acting up.” For it may be wonderful to plunge into the sparkling waves like a water nymph, but it isn’t so much fun to stagger out a scarecrow.

By the seashore, up in the mountains, at the swimming hole or town pool, you’ll hear the same comments: “My hair has become a bush. What’s the use of setting it?” . . . “The moment I hit the water, the curl comes right out!” . . . “I wish for vacation I could be brunette—the sun turns my hair fifty different shades!” . . . “Ugh, my hair is poker straight. When it gets wet and straggly, I look like a witch!” . . . So goes the battle of summer versus hair.

Don’t let yourself be swept up into the “battle” this year. Here and now make a beauty resolution. You are going to stay a beautiful mermaid all summer long—in or out of the water. For today there are wonderful ideas and innovations to keep your hair looking as you want it to look; there are scientific products on counters everywhere ready to perform little miracles, and easily within your budget. Research has shown that hair health improves with sunlight, fresh air, and freedom from tight headgear. All you have to do is devote a few minutes regularly to the care of your hair. And you might ex-

periment until you discover a certain touch—a well-placed curl, a fresh flower, an oddly shaped barrette, a bright plaid ribbon—that will make your hair uniquely beautiful. And now—to work.

Cap Your Coiffure before Each Dip

Not long ago there was a short-lived craze for bareheaded swimming. Girls called each other “sissy” for wearing a bathing cap. One was expected to dash headlong into the water, hair flying wildly in all directions. But beauty-wise the results were so dismal, that the fad was dropped. Every bather should wear a cap—whether her hair is only two inches long or reaches the middle of her spine. A cap seals out water. Salt sea water and chlorinated swimming-pool water both leave the hair gummy and lusterless and hard to manage. You are better off with a swimming cap in a river or lake, too, because all sorts of surface matter cling to the hair. Green algae may be picturesque on a lake, but it isn’t pretty on your head!

If water leaks in—even when you wear a swimming cap—there’s only one thing to do: wear two! First pile up your hair and tuck it neatly into the inner cap, a thin rubberized type sold at every five-and-ten-cent store. Then put on the outer one—a sturdy well-made cap of firm rubber which ought to fit snugly around the ears. The 1954 styles are decked with colored flowers—on the sides, or on top for chubby faces.



Bobbi Home Permanent

"After-Swim" Styles—Long Hair

You are out of the water, peeling off your cap—or caps, ready to fix yourself a smooth topknot. Keep it simple and easy. Curls and swirls are fine at formals but out of place here. Let’s look at a few styles that would be good for shoulder-length hair. It is probably a bit damp and messy from hard swimming, so begin by combing it free of tangles.

FESTIVE BRAIDS: Part the hair from the front to the back of the head. Use a side part if your features are not regular. Braid all the hair in each of the two segments so that two fat pigtailed are formed hanging on each side of the head. Anchor each pigtail at the tip with a rubber band. You have in your bag some big artificial daisies or other summer flowers, attached to bobby pins with florist wire or strong thread. Insert them into the tip of each braid so that the rubber band is covered. The flowers will swing jauntily over your shoulders with each step you take. This style, although extreme in its simplicity, is effective with a young face. A less casual variation of this style would be to pin up the braids, coronet style, and insert the flowers on each side close to the ears.

PONY-TAIL POSY: The ever-popular pony tail is another good arrangement for shoulder-length damp locks, where a sleek effect is desirable. Be sure to sweep up all the hair off the (Continued on page 34)

Cereals go Glamorous

Frozen lemon pie,
with cereal crust
and topping, is a
delicious dessert
for warm weather



General Foods photo

CEREALS have come out of their breakfast nook to make their appearance on menus for every meal. They are used in everything from appetizers to desserts—not to mention candy and snacks.

There is the new way of serving chilled fruit or vegetable juices, and soups (hot or cold) with cereal crisps, that makes the simplest first course a party affair. These crunchy, melt-in-your-mouth treats turn out to be simply our breakfast puffed cereals, lightly coated with grated cheese and toasted in a slow oven (325°) until delicately browned. It is the slow cooking that makes them crisp and crunchy.

Then there are the ways of using cereals as a base for entrees and main dishes, for desserts and salads that are delightful to look at and delicious to eat.

For days when you are looking for ways to beat the heat, we are giving you one of our favorite recipes. When the temperature is "in the red" you will find this delicately flavored pie as refreshing as a sea breeze. Add the recipe to your file of party desserts, for it can be made ahead of time, saving you last-minute fuss and bother.

FROZEN LEMON PIE

1 cup finely crushed whole-wheat flakes	½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ cup butter, melted	¼ cup lemon juice
2 egg yolks	½ cup water
½ cup sugar	½ cup nonfat dry milk
Dash of salt	2 egg whites
	¼ cup sugar

Combine crushed cereal and butter, mixing well. Reserve ¼ cup, and press remaining mixture firmly on bottom and sides of freez-

ing tray of automatic refrigerator. Combine egg yolks and ¼ cup sugar in double boiler, mixing thoroughly. Add salt, lemon rind, and 3 tablespoons of the lemon juice, mixing well. Cook and stir over boiling water until mixture is slightly thickened (about 5 minutes). Cool. Pour ½ cup of water and remaining tablespoon of lemon juice into deep, 1-quart bowl. Sprinkle nonfat dry milk powder over surface of liquid. Beat with egg beater or electric mixer until stiff (about 10 minutes). Fold cooked mixture into the whipped nonfat dry milk. Beat egg whites until foamy throughout. Add ¼ cup sugar gradually and continue beating until stiff peaks will form. Fold in nonfat dry milk mixture and pour into cereal-lined freezing tray. Sprinkle reserved cereal mixture over top. Set refrigerator control for coldest freezing temperature and freeze until firm, about 3 hours. Cut in wedges to serve. Serves 6 to 8.

**If you can afford the calories, you might like to substitute ½ cup cream, whipped, for the nonfat dry milk. In this case, add all the lemon juice to the egg yolks and sugar in the double boiler. After the thickened mixture has cooled, fold it into the whipped cream. Then fold into the beaten egg whites and freeze as directed.*

An American contribution to the cereal world is corn meal, first cultivated in this country by the Indians. There are many ways of using it: corn-bread topping on a gravy-rich meat pie; savory corn-bread stuffing for chicken or pork chops; fish or chicken dipped in corn meal and fried to crisp perfection. Browned slices of the famous scrapple that hails from Pennsylvania are a treat anywhere.

Daphne Lange of Fort Slocum, New York, who has sent a recipe for scrapple, writes: "When my father was stationed in Pennsylvania, we all became very fond of scrapple. It is handy to have in the refrigerator for a quick Sunday breakfast, and for a lunch or supper dish any day in the week with applesauce or a fruit salad."

SCRAPPLE

2 onions, minced	¼ teaspoon marjoram
5 cups cold water	¼ teaspoon savory
¾ lb. sausage meat	¼ teaspoon oregano or sage
1½ cups corn meal	
1 teaspoon salt	¼ teaspoon celery seed
	½ teaspoon black pepper

(If your spice shelf doesn't hold all of these seasonings, just use a little more of those you have, adjusting the quantities to suit your taste.)

Combine onions, water, and sausage. Sift in corn meal, add seasonings and blend well. Simmer fifteen minutes, stirring often to prevent lumping or sticking. Pour into greased 10" x 5" x 3" loaf pan and chill in refrigerator until ready to use. Then slice and fry in lightly greased pan, turning to brown on both sides. Serve very hot with maple syrup or applesauce for breakfast; or for lunch or supper, serve with vegetables, a salad, and a fruit dessert.

When we think of oatmeal we think of Scotland. This cereal became a national dish in Scotland centuries ago, when wild oat seeds provided almost the only food the Scots had when they fled before the Roman invaders.

(Continued on page 28)

For Sunny Days

Drawings by Helene Ferguson



4755

9299

4746

4755: A halter blouse, plus a wide skirt finished with a narrow, slimming belt, make a perfect summer date dress. Bates broadcloth in three shades of one color are used in the sketch. Sizes 10-18. The two pieces, in size 16, will require $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 35" material.

9299: This playsuit in the popular bloomer style has a waist-whittling midriff. For street wear there is a sash-belted skirt to slip over it, for which you might use an Everlast embossed cotton. Sizes 11-17. Suit and skirt, in size 13, take $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35" fabric.

4746: A cool and comfortable trio for size 10-16 that is smart and easy to make. The blouse has a flattering set-in collar and three-button closing on each shoulder. The trim shorts are dart-fitted to give exactly the right fullness. Both are as easy to sew as the wide skirt, which is made with just two side seams. Reeves woven denim is shown here. In a solid color or figured material, blouse and skirt make a pretty street dress. Size 12, in a 35" fabric, needs $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards for blouse; 1 yard for shorts; $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards for skirt.



These patterns may be purchased from **The American Girl, Pattern Dept.,**
155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. There is a clipout order blank on page 37.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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SUSPENSE
First Fiction Award

Junior Brown slipped quietly through the house. The gray light of a new day peeping through the Venetian blinds gave him enough light to find his way around. He stole silently up the stairs. He knew exactly where he was going.

He listened at the top of the stairs for any sounds that would tell him the people were awaking. He heard only the floor groan as a heavy body turned in its sleep. There was nothing else. He was safe so far.



FIRST PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:
NANCY M. NIETHAMMER (age 13) Casper, Wyo.

He slid his fingers along the wall until he came upon a door panel. He groped around in the dark until he felt his trembling fingers grip the doorknob firmly. The click of the latch resounded throughout the house like a shot in the stillness. Junior froze in the dim light, waiting for the sleeping house to awaken. He stood ready to run if necessary, but no one stirred.

Slowly he opened the door inch by inch and stood gazing about the room. Absently he rubbed his chin, lost in thought. When he realized what he was doing, he jerked his hand away swiftly. This had become a bad habit, and it bothered him.

For a moment he stood doubtful, wondering if he should go through with it. It was a tremendous decision to make.

He hated stealing through the house like this, but he could see no other way. He couldn't take all the ridicule and questions. It was better that no one know.

He wondered if his face would betray him at the family gathering at the breakfast table. He had never been able to conceal things and hoped he could act natural, as though nothing had happened.

He had to hurry. The household would be up soon!

Junior stiffened and stepped into the small room. He softly shut the door and snapped on the light. He went to the cabinet on the wall, and opened it. He took out the instruments and turned on the water.

At last he was about to begin his first shave!

NORITA SCHULTE (age 17)
Dimmitt, Texas

NIGHT HAWK
First Poetry Award

*At night they come
When it is dark—but I see.
At night they come—
But not to frighten me.*

*My friends are shadows.
They keep me safe.
My friends are shadows.
I am their waif.*

*Days—I am alone,
With emptiness at my side.
Days—I am alone.
Hide, I must hide.*

*The sun goes away.
A new night is here.
The sun goes away.
I have nothing to fear.*

CAROL ANN AMORY (age 16) Peekskill, New York

DANNY

First Nonfiction Award

His name is Danny, and it seems to fit him perfectly. His little blue eyes glow like a sparkling lake and his brown hair seems to look like a tree in the forest. He has perfect features, except for his teeth which stick out slightly over his tiny pink lips.



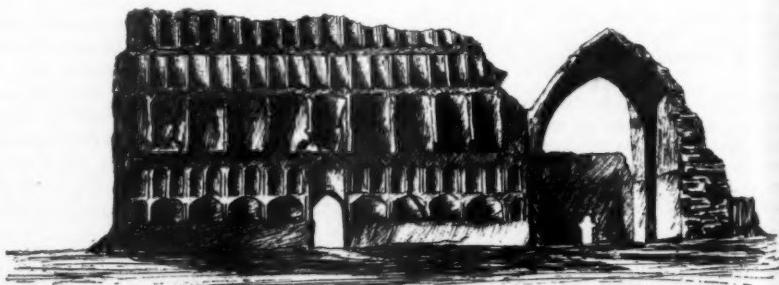
He could never speak a word until one day when I got out the mail-order catalogue and pointed to the items. Then he would pronounce the words after me.

Perhaps I should explain here that he was born deaf, but we had no way of knowing this at first. Now that we know he will never hear us, we are teaching him to talk with his hands, and by placing his hands on our lips when we form a word he has learned to speak his own funny little language.

No one can understand it except us, but I have lots of fun doing sign language with him. At times, when I try to speak with him the words just don't come out as easily as they should.

"Nonnie!" he screamed at me one day, as I came running out of my room. I felt my heart throb with joy. I turned to him in amazement and yelled, "Danny! Do you realize you said my name?"

He laughed and danced around the room, as if he knew he had done something wonderful to make me happy. When he saw the tears creeping down my cheeks he uttered, "O'nt cry, bu' ook lunny." (Continued on page 47)



ART AWARD: JOEY MARZEKI (age 15) Woodford Green, England

HEREBY HANGS A TALE



*Teen-agers visit an author—
find out what makes a story*

by LAURA VITRAY

WANT TO MEET A GUY that's got everything?" Sola inquired. She and Ruby were cycling around the lake. "Come on, I'll introduce you."

"Why—where is he?" Ruby asked, mystified. "Have you got him hidden up a tree?"

Sola laughed. "No, he's building that bungalow around the cove. Building it himself!"

"He's too old for us!"

"Yes—but he's nice—and, guess what! He's an author. A real one! He sells stories to magazines. Ned Smiley—you've read his stuff."

"Gosh!" Ruby's reaction to the thought of a real live author so close at hand cut off words for a few seconds. Then she asked, "Do you think he'd tell us the trick?"

"I'll bet he would. He's awfully nice!"

"I've sent three stories to 'By You.' They never get accepted."

"Mine either. I've a hunch it's easy—if you just know how!"

As they drew near the bungalow, they could hear the drone of a small power saw. A bronzed young man, in dungarees and a red-and-black check shirt, stepped out from behind it as they rode up.

"Hi!" he greeted them. Sola introduced her friend. "Sorry I can't ask you girls in for tea," he grinned. "As yet, my shack has no floors. I'm just sawing up the boards for them."

"Oh, that's all right," Sola said. "The place looks wonderful. I—I guess you're pretty busy—"

Her voice trailed off in a sudden doubt.

Ned caught the idea, though, that she wanted to ask some favor. "Have a seat, girls," he said gaily, motioning to a neat pile of lumber.

They dropped their bicycles on a patch of grass and joined him on the lumber pile. "What can I do for you?" he asked.

"Please tell us how to write fiction," Ruby began. "We try—but we must be doing something wrong."

"H'm!" His eyes were twinkling. After a moment he said, "Is that all? I thought you were going to ask me how to build a shack like this. That might be easier, you know!"

"Building a house looks like hard work!" Ruby frowned, hitching her feet up on a log and clasping her hands around the knees of her green denim pedal pushers.

"You think writing isn't hard work?"

"It—it must be easy if you know the trick?"

"The trick?"

"How to make it sound right," Sola put in. "How to make it read like a story."

"I see." Ned Smiley seemed to be thinking that one over quite seriously. "Maybe it is a trick," he said at length, "though I'd never thought of it just that way. Do you girls write many stories?"

"We often try."

"That's fine. What sort of blueprints do you use?"

"Blueprints?"

"Sure. You can't build a story without a blueprint, any more than a house. Not if you want it to stand up. Tell me, what do you think a story is?"

"It's—well, it's (*Continued on page 46*)



Drawing by Abbi Damerow



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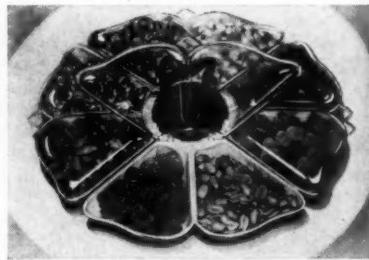
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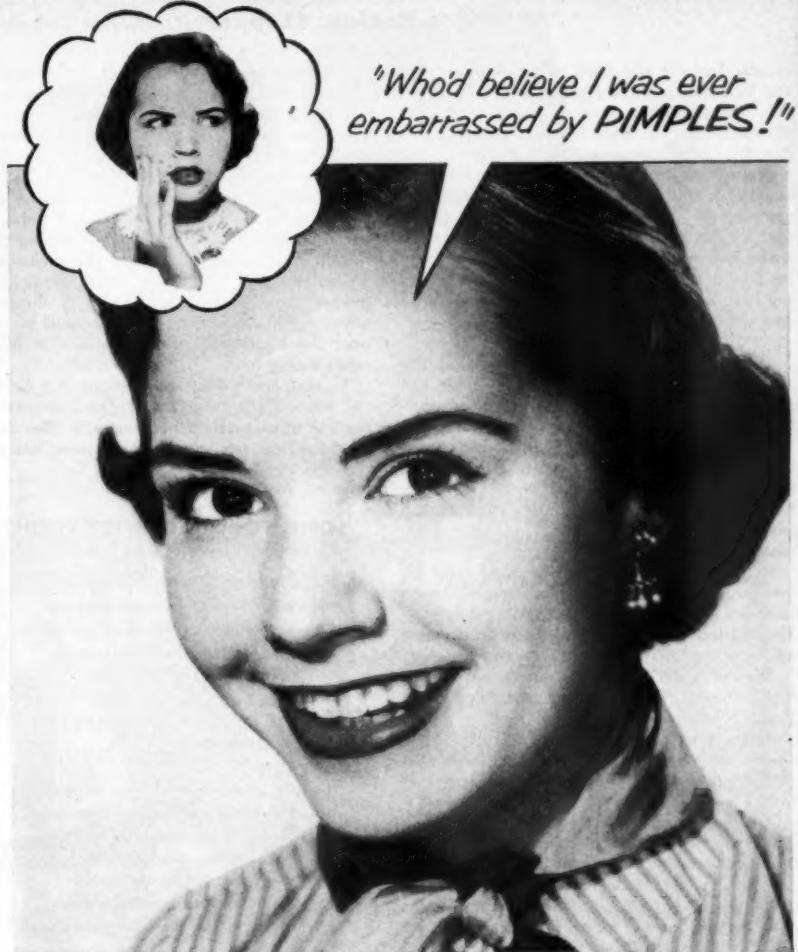
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Rating: Skipper (Continued from page 10)

breath, but she slid back to the Samson post and belayed the line. Holding on to the fore-stay she stood up, waited to get a grip on the deck with her bare feet, and slowly, with her free hand, grasped the anchor at the center of the shank and dropped it overboard. It hung catted, and thrashed about with the pitching of the boat. Babs crouched down and let out the line until she felt the kedge strike bottom. Thank goodness, it seemed to be taking some of the strain from the mooring line. She fastened it with two half hitches and made her way back to the cockpit.

Cold and wet, and a little sick, she sat down to rest for a moment. Against the gray sky, she could make out the wildly swaying masts of the smaller boats farther inshore.

Suddenly, farther out, a big black yawl broke loose, turned and crashed through the fleet. She missed the *Phyllis* by a boat's length and went on relentlessly, sinking the smaller boats in her way, cracking their masts like matchsticks.

Babs grabbed the horn and blew with all her might. But how could anyone on shore hear her through the roar of wind and waves? She waited a moment and blew again and again.

She did not see the barge break loose, until it was bearing down on her starboard bow. For a few moments it looked as if it would clear the *Phyllis*, but one end swung around. The boom of a cargo hoist came at Babs and she dropped to the floor. With hands pressed over her ears she heard the splintering crack on the starboard planks. The barge, its damage done, scraped along the side and went on its way.

Was that the baby crying? Somehow she got below to his bunk. Talking soothingly she turned him over on his back and changed his diaper. Bilge water was sloshing up over her feet. She took up a floor board and felt along the planks in a futile attempt to find the leak.

When she went back to the cockpit she had the key to the deck plate which covered the bilge-pump handle. She unscrewed the plate and began to pump. When her arm grew tired, she changed to her left. In between times, she blew with all her strength on the horn. When both arms went limp and she could not pull another stroke, she peered below. The water was halfway up to the bunks. For a moment she lay back on the seat too tired to move. She knew that Carl could not hear her. She knew that she could not stop the leak. She knew that her family could not get to her. She was alone with Boots on a tossing sloop rapidly filling with water.

Slowly, for her muscles ached, she rolled her dungarees above her knees and went down to him. She dressed him in a flannel wrapper and then put on his little life preserver, lapping it over and tying it around him with just his feet, arms, and head sticking out. It had not been so many years since she had worn a similar life jacket. She reached for the basket they used to carry him back and forth and laid him in it. The bulky kapok made it a snug fit but she tied him fast so that he could not fall out if she tipped the basket. The water was already splashing about her knees when she picked up the basket and climbed the companionway ladder.

She wedged the basket between the wheel box and cockpit coaming while she unfastened the painter of the Penguin. The baby

was awake and making soft little noises. Holding the painter with all the strength of her right arm, she picked up the basket in her other hand and sat on the deck amidships, waiting. The Penguin jerked and rolled, banging the *Phyllis* as she pitched. When both boats were poised together on the top of a wave, Babs half slipped, half jumped to the floor of the Penguin. Grasping her instant of suspended motion, she thrust the basket against the centerboard trunk and pushed away. The little boat heeled, shipping water as she turned, and Babs leaned far out over the windward rail to balance it till it was running free.

Yawning and rolling, the Penguin ran before the wind. Babs crouched on the floor, working the tiller with all her strength. She must keep the boat from slipping sideways into the

SONG FOR A COUNTRY NIGHT

by ELIZABETH-ELLEN LONG

Night is not still, who thinks it is
Has never heard the come and go
Of wind in leaves, the sound of grass
Parting to let small creatures pass,
Has never lain awake alone
And listened to the baritone
Of frogs in hidden ponds, with thin
Cricket sopranos joining in.

Night is not still, who tries to say
It is, has missed the moths that stray
Abroad by dark to tap in vain
At every lighted windowpane,
Has let go by the velvet flight
Of owls in air-lanes out of sight,
And failed to chart by their shrill cries
The course of bats through starry skies.

trough of the waves and capsizing. Babs had sailed under bare poles before but never like this. She could hear each wave as it rushed up from behind and reached out for her. But only the spray from the crests hit her back. It was lighter now, and out of the corner of her eye she could see the dark hulls aground on the beach, but she dared not relax for even a moment to take a good look. If only she could weather the point and turn into the inner harbor!

"Here we go, Boots," she whispered, and pushed the tiller to starboard.

Then miraculously the point was passed and she was headed for the calmer water of the harbor. The wind was on her quarter now. Babs sat up on the port rail as the Penguin heeled. The low spit of land protected her from the waves. Ahead was the dock. She felt good now. The tiller responded to her touch. She held her course straight for the landing float. When only a breath away she shot the helm hard over and the Penguin spun, head to the wind.

Strong arms reached down and lifted her and the baby to the float.

"Dad! Ed! Where did you come from? I'm so glad you're here! The *Phyllis* is leaking bad! The barge hit her!"

"Thank God, you're safe," Jim Kenny said. "Your mother's been frantic."

Carl was in his launch alongside the float. "Be right with you," Mr. Kenny shouted to him above the wind. "Got your pump?"

"I just got in," he explained to Babs. "Carl was just ready to take me out to the *Phyllis*. We were worried about you."

He put his arm around her shoulders. "Good work, little skipper," he said. "Now you stay here with your mother. You've done your share." Then he jumped into the launch with Carl and Eddie and they sped out of the harbor.

There were tears in Alice Kenny's eyes as she stood with the baby in one arm, hugging her daughter with the other. She spoke fervently, "Thank God, you're safe," she said as earnestly as her husband had earlier, "But, good heavens, you're drenched and shivering, Babs. Come along and get those wet clothes off." And she led the way to Carl's shop.

The warmth of the pot-bellied stove failed to stop Babs' shaking. Silly to get scared after the whole thing is over, she thought, as she peeled off the wet dungarees and pulled on a pair of Minnie's. Only then did she think to ask, "Mom, where have you been? Why didn't you come home?"

Mrs. Kenny was rubbing her daughter's hair with a towel. "We tried to, honey. We left Aunt Clara's as soon as the storm started, but it grew worse so fast. Trees blew down along the roads. It was a nightmare getting through. Even the parkway was blocked. Dad got here just a little while ago and was persuading Carl to take him out to the *Phyllis* when we saw you and Boots come around the bend."

Minnie was fussing over the baby who seemed none the worse for his experience. "You know what your pop said when he saw you sailing in? Look at her go! She's a true salt!" That's what he said."

Babs didn't want to talk anymore about it. She sat down in a rocking chair by the stove to rub her wet feet. Her mother took Boots from Minnie and sat down beside her. The baby was gurgling contentedly.

"How is he?" Babs asked. "Did he get wet?" "Hardly at all," Alice Kenny smiled lovingly, "you had him so well protected with the life jacket."

Minnie poured three cups of coffee. Babs sipped hers gingerly. She had never been allowed to have coffee before. Now her mother seemed to take for granted that she should drink it. They were treating her like a grownup! She leaned back in the rocker and drained the cup. It tasted bitter but it did make her feel warm again. She closed her eyes and rested.

It's letting up!" Minnie said, "Look, here comes the launch!"

They all ran down to the float. It was broad daylight now and the wind had gone down. They waited anxiously while Carl and Eddie landed. Babs tossed Eddie a dock line.

"Where's Dad?" she called. "How's the *Phyllis*?"

Carl jumped to the float. "Jim stayed on board. The *Phyllis* is all right. The leak is above the waterline. Not taking in much water now that the seas have subsided. Got to get the stuff to plug the hole temporarily." He hurried up to his shop.

Eddie climbed out of the launch. "Dad says we'll have to have her hauled out to get the planks fixed properly, but she's pumped dry now." Then he turned to Babs. "Beautiful sailing, Sis, the best I've ever seen, man or woman. From now on, we share the Penguin. You can be coskipper with equal rights and privileges."

THE END

JULY, 1954



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The S. O. S. Company, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.
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Cereals Go Glamorous (Continued from page 20)

Interestingly enough, this recipe for date bars made with oatmeal comes from Mexico. Joy Alice Hoelzer writes from Mexico City: "These bars last quite a while without getting stale or soggy. Every time I have served them, people have said how good they are."

OATMEAL DATE BARS

3 cups pitted dates	1 cup brown sugar
½ cup granulated sugar	2 cups oatmeal*
1½ cups water	1 cup butter or margarine
Dash of salt	2 teaspoons lemon juice
2 cups flour	½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda	
½ teaspoon salt	

*In this country, most markets sell rolled oats rather than the ground meal. If you use rolled oats, put 2 cups through the food grinder, using the finest blade.

Combine dates, sugar, water, and dash of salt. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thickened (about 10 minutes). Set aside to cool.

In the meantime, sift flour, measure, add soda and ½ teaspoon salt, and sift again. Combine with brown sugar, oatmeal, and butter, and mix thoroughly, until butter is evenly distributed. Place one half of this mixture in a greased, floured 13" x 9" pan. With hands, press and flatten to cover bottom of pan. Add lemon juice to cooled date mixture and spread over cereal layer in pan. Cover with the remaining cereal mixture and bake in moderate oven (375°) 25 to 30 minutes, or until lightly browned. Makes about three dozen 1½" x 2" bars. Or cut into large squares and serve warm, with a scoop of ice cream, for dessert.

Donna Kolb of Danville, Illinois, sends a recipe for a combination of cereals, nuts, and pretzels which she says is "grand for munching, good with drinks, and can be stored indefinitely in covered tin cans." Take along a can or two on picnics or cook-outs. Donna's recipe will make about 8 quarts.

SCRAMBLES

2 pounds mixed salted nuts	1 (5½ oz.) package pretzel sticks
1 (12 oz.) package bite-size shredded-wheat squares	2 cups salad oil (or)
1 (10½ oz.) package ready-to-eat oat cereal	1 pound butter or margarine, melted
1 (6½ oz.) package bite-size rice squares	2 tablespoons worcestershire sauce
1 (6½ oz.) can curly pretzels	1 teaspoon garlic salt (optional)
	2 teaspoons salt

Place nuts, cereals, and pretzels in a large roaster or baking pan. Combine oil or melted butter with seasonings and pour over mixture in roaster. Blend well. Cook in a very slow oven (250°) stirring about every 30 minutes.

November Recipe Exchange

Subject: Recipes Using Chocolate

Each month we will announce in the magazine the kind of cookery for which we wish recipes. The recipe you send in MUST be one that you have used successfully. For every recipe printed in the magazine, THE AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

We should also like to receive letters telling how and why you have found your recipe especially helpful or valuable.

FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1. Recipe and letters must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink.
2. Recipes and letters must be on separate sheets. Recipes must be written on one side of paper only.

Be careful not to crush or break cereals or pretzels. Cool and store in airtight containers.

Rice is a stand-by all year round. Did you know that in some ancient languages the name of this age-old, inexpensive staple is symbolic of a supply of food, just as "bread" is to us? Whether we buy regular uncooked rice or the precooked or converted types, this versatile cereal can be used in dozens of ways, from main dishes to dessert.

Our next recipe is for a rice-and-shrimp entree which is practically a one-dish meal, and therefore a natural around which to plan an outdoor menu. With a vegetable salad and, for dessert, fruit from a well-filled bowl, with an assortment of cheeses, you have an outdoor meal that is different and easy to fix. If you want a richer dessert, you could have the oatmeal date bars. It is a good plan to make two small casseroles rather than one large one. This way, one can be kept warm for the seconds everyone is sure is wanted.

SHRIMP JAMBALAYA

3 cups cooked rice	½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter or margarine	¼ teaspoon red pepper
1 tablespoon flour	¼ teaspoon marjoram
¾ cup chopped onions	1½ tablespoons worcestershire sauce
1 clove garlic, minced fine (optional)	1½ pounds cooked shrimp
1½ cups canned tomatoes	1½ cups tomato juice
¾ cup water	½ cup grated cheese
1 green pepper, chopped fine	2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Cook rice according to package directions, using ¾ cup of regular uncooked rice.

Melt butter in skillet, stir in flour and blend. Add onions and cook until tender. Add garlic, tomatoes, water, green pepper, and seasonings. Cook until pepper is tender, stirring occasionally. Add rice, shrimp, and tomato juice, and blend. Pour into greased casserole, arranging some of the shrimp in a ring on top. Sprinkle with the cheese and parsley, cover, and bake in moderate oven (350°) 15 minutes. Remove cover and cook 15 minutes longer. Serves 4 to 6.

A rice ring is attractive and easy to make. Just press the hot, cooked rice firmly into a buttered ring mold, then unmold on a platter. Fill the center with creamed chicken or fish; with a meat stew; with buttered or creamed vegetables. A sweet rice ring makes a delicious dessert, pretty enough for a party.

SWEET RICE RING

3 cups hot, cooked rice	½ cup sugar
1 cup cream	

Combine rice and sugar. Chill. Whip cream

Date Due: July 20, 1954

3. In the upper right-hand corner of the recipe sheet, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.
4. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.
5. All recipes submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.
6. Address all entries to Cooking Editor, AMERICAN GIRL Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

JULY, 1954

and fold in the chilled rice. Press firmly into a buttered ring mold or use individual molds. To unmold, run a knife around the edge of the mold. Place the bottom of the mold in hot water for a few seconds. Lay a plate or platter over mold and invert plate and mold together. Fill the ring with sweetened fruit of your choice.

A recipe for cookies from Carole Kriss of Simsbury, Connecticut, illustrates the way cereals have moved into the dessert and snack class.

CORN FLAKE COOKIES

1½ cups crushed corn flakes	2 eggs
1 teaspoon baking powder	½ cup sugar
Dash of salt	½ cup chopped nuts
½ teaspoons vanilla	½ cup chopped dates or raisins

Combine corn flakes, baking powder, and salt. Beat eggs until light and foamy. Add sugar gradually, blending well. Stir in cereal mixture, nuts, dates, and vanilla. Drop from tip of teaspoon on a greased cookie sheet or flat baking pan, keeping the small mounds about 2 inches apart. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in moderate oven (350°). Remove from baking sheet immediately and cool on wire rack.

A versatile recipe comes from Janeen Campbell of Lamont, Iowa. The crunch can

be served as candy, or crumbled for a crisp, rich topping over ice cream or other desserts.

CHOCOLATE CRUNCH

1 (7 oz.) package semi-sweet chocolate pieces	2 cups bran or corn flakes
	½ cup chopped nuts or shredded coconut

Melt chocolate over boiling water. Add cereals and nuts or coconut. Drop by spoonfuls on lightly buttered cookie sheet and set in a cool place until firm. To use as a topping, spread the mixture on the cookie sheet instead of dropping from spoon. When it is firm, crumble coarsely. THE END

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE CHOCOLATE RECIPE?

In the November issue the "Exchange" will feature recipes in which chocolate is the main ingredient. Chocolate in any form is the flavor favorite everywhere, and we are looking forward to many excellent recipes from American Girl readers. If your recipe is printed, the magazine will pay you one dollar.

Remember that the recipe you send in must be one which you, yourself, have used successfully. Be sure to read the rules on page 28 very carefully before mailing your recipe.

Remembered Island

(Continued from page 9)

The stranger looked around, then made his way directly to them. Rhoda suddenly remembered that the same man had boarded her train out of Chicago. She remembered his close-cropped mustache, the air of big-city stylishness about him. Mostly, she remembered him as the man who carried a copy of "Indigo Afternoons" tucked under one arm. He still had the book in one hand, a leather suitcase in the other.

He asked in a friendly tone, "Do you girls know where I could find a taxi to take me out to Half-Moon Island?"

Nicky, her curiosity undisguised, said, "You're going to visit that author, huh?"

The man smiled. "Yes, I'm his publisher. Russell Preston is the name."

"Nicky Plum," Nicky introduced herself. "This is Rhoda Brown. She's got seven copies of Nash's book to be autographed. Maybe you could . . ."

The roar of a car blasted across the platform, covering Rhoda's embarrassment and confusion. Nicky didn't realize that she, Rhoda, wanted to get those autographs herself—that she *had* to meet Nash.

A young man crawled out from behind the steering wheel of the car that had clattered to a stop at the platform's edge. He loped toward them, the rising sun gleaming on the silver-blond glisten of his cropped hair. Rhoda did not need Nicky's cry of "It's Peter!" to tell her who the youth was. Peter hadn't changed at all except to grow into a lean giant. Otherwise he looked just the same—shy, a little awkward, his almost square face grimly serious.

He said, going straight to Rhoda, "Sorry I'm late. Flat tire." His gaze clung to her. "Gee, you look great!"

"You look great yourself," she responded. His direct, admiring gaze made her cheeks burn at the same time that she turned half-consciously and from old habit, looking for

the slender figure that would never be waiting for her again.

She was grateful that the noise of the car made conversation impossible as they drove toward Idlewild. Nicky and Russell Preston stowed in the back seat. Even when they reached the big yellow farmhouse where the Plums lived, she didn't have to try to talk to Peter for he gallantly offered to carry Nicky's bundles up to the house.

"By!" Nicky said. "Get in touch with me when you're ready to go—you know where!"

Left alone with Preston, Rhoda realized that here was an opportunity to find out more about Will Nash. But how to begin? She hated to seem to pry but there was no other way. She turned to Preston who sat, relaxed, in the back seat.

"It must be wonderful," she said brightly, "to have published such a popular book as 'Indigo Afternoons'."

He smiled. "It's nice. But it has its drawbacks. The public is already demanding another book from Nash, and Nash isn't producing. That's why I'm here, to light a fire under him. Then I'll leave him sweating over his typewriter and go catch some of those big Indigo fish he mentioned in his book."

"Maybe book writing doesn't come easily for him." She added daringly, "He isn't really a writer, is he?"

"He's been a reporter all his life. Foreign correspondent. Nothing spectacular. Then, wham—'Indigo Afternoons.' Sheer poetry."

Rhoda turned away, unaccountably heartsick. The blue glimmer of Indigo in the distance showed vividly through a gap in the pines that lined the bluff. In winter when the lake is frozen, the air bubbles caught in the ice are like suspended pearls. Was it Ken who had written that in a letter to her, or were the words from Will Nash's book?

"I used to know a boy who wanted to write a book," she said. "He was killed in the war."

Something thrilling happens

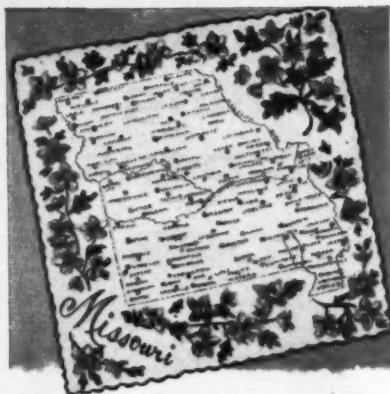


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"I'm sorry," Preston said quickly. "Do you have anything of his that I might see? We're bringing out an anthology of work by soldiers."

"No," she said, looking down at her hands. "That's the trouble. I don't have anything to show to prove . . ."

"To prove that he was as talented as you probably believe?"

"Yes—I mean, no. I know that he was talented." The temptation was strong to blurt out just what she did think. But how could she say to Russell Preston, "I don't believe Will Nash wrote 'Indigo Afternoons'! I think he stole it, somehow, from Kenneth Lee!"

Peter returned with a gay, "Here's your chauffeur," and once again they were careening along Lake Road. She closed her eyes against the familiar, haunting landmarks, every one holding its memories of Ken. It was harder, coming back to Indigo, than she had thought it would be.

They whirled past the Strasser resort and came to a stop in front of her grandmother's rambling, white house with its fat pillars and the odd-looking upper corner, now boarded over, where the fire had been.

Rhoda jumped lightly out of the car. "Just leave my luggage, Peter, while you take Mr. Preston over to the island. Right now I have to go in and hug Mayhew."

Preston said, "I'll telephone you whenever Nash has a free second for those autographs, Miss Brown."

"Thank you." Rhoda turned and ran toward the house.

She had just put a hand on the doorknob when the door was flung open and she was folded in Mayhew's large embrace. "Oh, it's so wonderful to be back, Miss May," Rhoda choked, unconsciously using Ken's old term.

Tears stung her eyes. "I'm tired, I guess."

Mayhew patted her shoulder. "Cry all you want, sweet. It's all right. I understand."

"I don't want to cry!" Rhoda protested, wiping her hand across her eyes in an impatient gesture. "But it's so beautiful here—I just can't believe he's gone, that he won't be back!"

"It's hard, forgetting," said Mayhew, while Rhoda noted with loving remembrance the kindly, long-jawed face, the bristly, graying eyebrows. "Sometimes I think, Rhoda, that the only true love is the first one. At least it's the one that hurts the most when it goes."

Rhoda got out her handkerchief. "Just give me a minute, Mayhew, and I promise I won't drip any more tears."

She walked into the living room. It was cowardly of her to have looked away from Half-Moon Island as they drove up. She must look at it. She must face everything that would have to be faced now that she had come back. If you didn't face things, people called you morbid. Ken would have hated anything morbid.

She pulled back the heavy curtains on the big bay window. Directly before her gaze, across a wide expanse of water, lay Half-Moon, a shaggy, hazy crescent. As she gazed at it, her heart pounding painfully, the Lee house emerged from the tangle of cedar and tamarack and pine. It was old and gray, its weathered logs blending in with the gray of scrubby jackpine immediately behind it. How little and lonely Half-Moon seemed—little and lonely and forgotten. A loon cried out of the wind-whispering silence. The sound was like a noose drawn slowly ad surely about her throat.

(To be continued)

Books (Continued from page 4)

light streamed through stained windows . . . interlacing branches of coral-formed gothic arches against the rippled ceiling of the surface . . . and purple sea fans waved slowly to the rhythms of the surf." Thus Jane Crile describes her first descent into the sea. She and her doctor husband became interested in deep-sea diving when he was an intern, and they made their first homemade diving hood and tried it out in the waters around Key West, Florida. Now they and all four of their children—ranging, at the end of the book, from eight to precollege teens—are among the most experienced, knowledgeable amateur divers. They have tried skin diving in the oceans of two hemispheres, tested all sorts of diving equipment and developed underwater skills that have made them as much at home in the sea as on land. This account of the adventures of their diving holidays is written with humor, poetry, and a great love of the sea and illustrated with their own wonderful underwater photographs.



CINDA. By JANET LAMBERT. E. P. Dutton and Company, \$2.75. The Hollisters—warmhearted, impulsive, fourteen-year-old Cinda; her three brothers, one younger, two older; her proper, precise younger sister—get on well with each other and with their parents and the whole family has fun together. The Hollisters are independent youngsters, who can make their own decisions and hold their own in the give-and-take of family life. Cinda, quick to see another's difficulty, can never resist mixing in with a helping hand. When her fourth cousin,

beautiful, unhappy Paula, comes for a visit, Cinda just has to try to set things straight for her, even though Cinda sometimes feels she has a bear by the tail. Fatherless Paula has been brought up by three doting women, who shield her and spoil her and plan her life for her. Then, without consulting her wishes, her mother marries again and is now on a honeymoon in Europe. Paula is shocked, resentful, and jealous. She feels abandoned by her mother, unwanted by her stepfather, and resolves to nurse her angry misery until her mother, stepfather, grandmother, and aunt are hurt in turn by her rebellious unhappiness. But she finds it difficult to hold out for a whole summer at the beach, rubbing shoulders with the Hollister brand of family love and understanding. The oldest boy Warren, though he thinks she is a "drip," is kind to her. Lindsey, the second son, is frankly in love with her and doesn't care who knows it; and there is loving, resourceful Cinda, set on Paula's complete transformation. Cinda is a level-headed and refreshing heroine. She isn't yearning to be older or rush into dates with college boys but is content to enjoy the pleasures of being fourteen. Before the end of summer she rejoices in the happy outcome of all her plans for Paula.

THE END

You may order books reviewed on these pages from the book publishers, in care of the magazine. Please make checks or money orders payable to the book publisher, not to THE AMERICAN GIRL.



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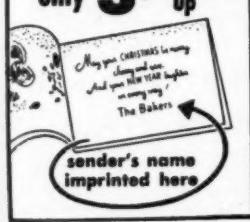


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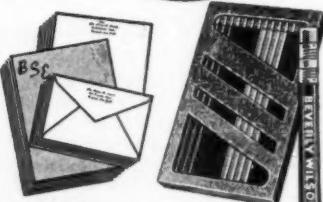
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SAUTEE, GEORGIA: Your *Daily Bread* in the May issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL has made me think. I am a Girl Scout, and I hope that our troop can do something to make the girls feel like one of us.

Please try to get some stories about Brazil. I hope to go to Brazil as a medical missionary so of course I am interested in it.

LINDA WALTER (age 14)

DECATUR, ALABAMA: The May cover was cute as could be. And *Cargo for Jennifer* is getting very exciting. *Speaking of Movies* is one of my favorites, too. I really did enjoy *Boys-and Girls?*—on Capitol Hill because I was a page for two weeks this summer at our capitol. I was the only girl page while I was there.

CAROL WOOTEN (age 12)

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON: Does this letter look familiar?

I really enjoyed *Tribute to Tim* and *Growing Up* in your May issue. *Teen-Ager . . . Australian Style* was especially interesting. *Cargo for Jennifer* was an exciting story. I love your *By You* department and your covers are always tops."

It doesn't make very interesting reading, does it? But this sort of letter fills *A Penny for Your Thoughts* every issue.

How about more letters like the one Joanie Gatten wrote for the May issue in connection with *There's Fur in our Family!* describing her own experiences with Siamese cats. Or like the letters received from girls in other countries telling a little about their lives and experiences. Or like the letter from Elaine Otis in which she explained the special meaning each story had to her.

If we could have more letters like these and less of the type at the first of my letter, *A Penny for Your Thoughts* would not only be more interesting but would become a better place for girls of every State and nation to really share their thoughts.

CAROL BURNS (age 15)

NORTH HARROW, ENGLAND: I have just received my third copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL. It really is a wonderful magazine and I am thrilled with it. My pen friend, Diane McCulloch of El Monte, California, has sent me a year's subscription. Diane is really a friend of mine as I met her when I visited my sister in El Monte five years ago. Your magazine brings back happy memories of my visit to the U.S.A.

I attend a grammar school in Harrow, which is two miles from my house. There are fifty-five girls in the school. I take English, French, Latin, German, mathematics, history, geography, science, art, and singing. We also learn gymnastics, lacrosse, netball, tennis, and rounders.

My hobbies are stamp collecting, photography, music, and collecting pen friends. I have thirteen pen friends from many parts of the world. Having so many pen friends I am naturally interested in other countries. Could you please issue some travel articles? I'm sure many readers will enjoy them.

ANN F. FILER (age 14)

SAULT SAINTE MARIE, MICHIGAN: I think your May cover was the best yet. We have an orangish cat that looked just like the cover cat when it was small.

Dear Good-Grooming Editor is very helpful. I enjoyed *Little Red Schoolhouse* very much as I plan to be a teacher for young children. You ought to have more articles like that. *By You* is one of your best departments. *Your Daily Bread* gave me something to think about even if I'm not a Girl Scout; but I used to be in Camp Fire Girls.

I think your magazine is wonderful. It has helped me and many other girls, so I judge from *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, on the long trail of growing up. All I ask is—keep it up!

KATHIE HOWE (age 12)

HARTFORD, KANSAS: I sure do enjoy your magazine. I especially like your fiction stories and the *By You* section, also the styles and *A Penny for Your Thoughts*.

I really enjoy reading *Cargo for Jennifer*, also, *Growing Up*, *Tribute to Tim*, and *Teen-Ager . . . Australian Style* was a good article. That way we Americans can tell how other teen-agers in foreign countries live.

HELEN O'MARRA (age 15)

KIEL, GERMANY: Your magazine is wonderful, indeed. Here in Germany, we haven't such magazines for girls. Therefore, I always wait for the next issue. I am fourteen years old and attend the Klaus Groth Grammar School at Kiel, where we learn—besides other subjects—the English language since four years, and the French language since two years. I am a reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL since July, 1953. I thank my American pen friend Judy Riebli in Randle, Washington, who has sent me a year's subscription, and you so much for this magazine.

INGELOTTE BÄTTGER (age 14)

PLUMMER, IDAHO: I enjoy your magazine very much. I am taking it to school and all those in my class (twenty-seven boys and girls) enjoy *Cargo for Jennifer* very much. I enjoyed *Tribute to Tim* especially.

I am in the seventh grade at Plummer School. Plummer is a very small town (one mile square).

My sister, who is seventeen, enjoys the stories also.

VIRGINIA BEALS (age 12)

GRANHULLA, FINLAND: I have got THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine by my pen friend in America. I like the magazine very much, and I am very glad to have it. We do not have any magazine like this in Finland.

I like *By You* and *A Penny for Your Thoughts* very much. I also like the short stories, but, of course, I don't understand all. I must have a dictionary. *Christmas Star* was a very fine short story. It's very funny to look at the dresses, shirts, blouses, and so on. I enjoy reading *All Over the Map*, too.

I have lent THE AMERICAN GIRL to all the girls in my class, and they are all very fond of it.

I hope you will understand my English and excuse all my faults.

KRISTINA BORG (age 16)

WILLMAR, MINNESOTA: I enjoy THE AMERICAN GIRL a lot. I like *A Penny for Your Thoughts* best of all. *Cargo for Jennifer* is wonderful. I also like the fashions. I like the cover on the May magazine a lot.

I have been sick in bed ever since August, and I am very happy when THE AMERICAN GIRL arrives.

MARY E. ANDERSON (age 12)

NALMÖ, SWEDEN: It is the second year THE AMERICAN GIRL is sent to me from my pen friend Penny Smith. It is really marvelous. I like all your stories. *Cargo for Jennifer* is excellent, one of the best stories I ever read. Your fashions are delightful and your covers are very beautiful. Many greetings from a Swedish girl.

INGRID CHRISTIANSSON (age 17)

MARION, KENTUCKY: I like your magazine a lot. I like the *By You* section and *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. I think *Cargo for Jennifer* is very good.

The beauty tips have helped me a lot. I think Girl Scouts are very lucky to have a magazine like this.

ANNE CLEMENT (age 13)

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA: I am a bit late in thanking you for some of your articles. *Eldest Daughter* made my heart feel good. I have two younger sisters so I know just exactly how Sally felt. I always read *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. I particularly like this section because so many of the letters are from out of the United States, and through them I learn the ways of girls from different countries. I also think that *There's Fur in Our Family* was delightful. I do not have any pets but I love all kinds of animals. My favorite subject is reading, and I want to be either a writer, a children's librarian, or a teacher. *Your Daily Bread* is something special. I would like to meet some of these migrant

JULY, 1954

children that help harvest our food.

I am not an Intermediate Scout but a nine-year-old Brownie that will fly up in June. My mother was an Intermediate Scout leader before my newest sister arrived in December. I love all parts of Scouting including camp and your magazine. I hope I am a good Scout.

JUDITH LOUISE STRASSER (age 9)

DETROIT, MICHIGAN: Your May cover was just dandy! I love cats of all sizes, kinds, and colors. How about some more about them?

I have been getting THE AMERICAN GIRL for more than a year, and I enjoy all the issues a lot. My favorite departments are *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, *Books*, and the *Jokes*. I enjoy your fashions and beauty tips immensely, and get a lot of ideas from them.

In stead of articles on how to lose weight, let's have one on how to gain it! Thanks for a wonderful magazine!

KAREN LARSON (age 13)

TURRIFF, SCOTLAND: I would like to congratulate you on producing such a marvelous magazine as THE AMERICAN GIRL. The stories are absolutely smashing! I made a date cake and banana-nut cake from your recipes, and all my friends now want to make them.

I am sixteen years old, but I still attend Turriff Academy High School. I hope some day in the near future to visit your great country. Thanks again for producing such a topping magazine. Best of luck from Scotland.

BETTY SMITH (age 16)

WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK: Julia Collier's *Growing Up* in the May issue was the best story yet in your magazine! I liked the illustration, too.

I enjoyed your article *Boys—and Girls?—on Capitol Hill* very much. I think girls should have a chance as pages. It would be a wonderful experience.

VIRGINIA SAUTTER (age 14)

MONTRÉAL, CANADA: I simply love your serial, *Cargo for Jennifer*. I just can't wait for the June issue to see what happens. In the May issue I loved *Growing Up*. It was really terrific. All my girl friends get THE AMERICAN GIRL and love it. I love reading *A Penny for Your Thoughts* and the first page I always turn to is *Jokes*.

JANE MACFARLANE (age 13)

McMINNVILLE, OREGON: I've just finished reading your article *Your Daily Bread* in the May issue of your magazine. I think that some of the girls in other parts of the country don't realize that here in Oregon it isn't just the migrants that harvest the crops. All the high schoolers and sometimes their parents and younger sisters and brothers pick beans, strawberries, blackcaps, cherries, and nuts to earn money for clothes and school.

I am an avid fan of your magazine, having taken it for over two years, and I enjoy everything. My interests are dramatics, swimming, 4-H, and people. I think that one of your best features is your *By You* section.

KATHY DOLAN (age 14)

TOKYO, JAPAN: I am a Japanese girl. Though I live in Japan, I am a reader of your magazine, too. Each time when I receive your magazine, I take it to school, and read it with all of my classmates. We spend many joyful hours with your magazine.

It is spring now in Japan. Cherry blossoms are at their best. There are many flower tunnels along the streets. I like to see Mount Fuji

in the morning sun from a height nearby. Yet Mount Fuji is covered with snow.

AKIE SAGARA (age 16)

SAG HARBOR, NEW YORK: I was especially interested in *Little Red Schoolhouse* since I would like to teach. I wish you would have more stories on vocations. Also, *Cargo for Jennifer* is keeping me in suspense, and I can't wait for the next part to see what happens.

MARGARET WEBBER (age 14)

MONTREAL, CANADA: *Growing Up* was awfully good, I thought. *Tribute to Tim* was rather dull, but *Cargo for Jennifer* keeps you thrilled to the last word! I can hardly wait for my June issue to see how it ends. I loved your article, *Little Red Schoolhouse*; it seemed just meant for me, for I plan to be a teacher. How about more career stories?

Pamper Your Nylons was very helpful, as mine always seem to have runs in them! I like *By You*, *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, *Speaking of Movies*, and *Jokes* the best of all your regular things.

ANNE BEGOR (age 12)

HAIFA, ISRAEL: I'm learning in the first class of the high school. I get up in the morning at seven o'clock. After eating breakfast I go to school. Our school begins at seven forty-five. I am going back home at one o'clock. I'm eating lunch and do my homework, which takes two or three hours. At five, I've had "five o'clock tea," and then I'm free for reading or going to friends. We dress in the school uniform at school. In summer, it is a light-blue dress with white belt, and in winter it is a dark-blue sweater with a gray skirt. Girls here don't wear any make-up until seventeen or eighteen. On week ends in the summer, I go to the beach and in the winter I go to a mountain near our town, Mount Carmel. My movie day is Tuesday, the day I don't have much homework.

We have Girl Scouts, too, and I often wonder why you never write about them. The boys and girls here are very interested in American teen-agers.

NILLI BROMBERGER (age 14)

ELMHURST, NEW YORK: In your March issue I loved *There's Fur in Our Family!* My whole family loved it, too. Maud and Michael are like my cat. *Eldest Daughter* was very heart-warming. In the April issue I loved *Cheaters Cheated*. *"To Balance the Scale..."* was wonderful. *Out of a Bandbox* was very helpful. In all your issues I love *By You*. *Cargo for Jennifer* is tops.

In my Girl Scout troop we're always talking about THE AMERICAN GIRL. We agree it's wonderful.

RUTH GRUNZWEIG (age 10)

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND: I very much agree with a letter written in an earlier issue of your magazine about not limiting it to American girls. I am a Scots girl and my aunt in Rochester, New York sent a subscription for me.

I think your magazine is wonderful and it is passed around to all the girls in my class. We all enjoy the stories, and we're getting to know more about the American way of living. I especially like *All Over the Map* as I am a keen Girl Guide, and I post all the pictures on my Patrol Screen, which is about foreign Guides.

NORMA BAIN (age 15)

Please send your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address



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Sun on Your Crown

(Continued from page 19)

sides and up off the neck, too. To keep the pony tail from drooping, draw it up high behind the ears and fasten securely with a special "clinch" or colorful ribbon near the top of the head. This gives it a graceful sweep. You can make your pony tail particularly attractive by fixing up a ring of posies with artificial flowers and wire; once your "tail" is made, you simply encircle it with your posies. A few drops of perfume in your flowers will add glamour!

For the very-long-haired crowd, a "queue" is bewitching and simple. The hair is swept back cleanly to form one long pigtail which hangs down the middle of the back. The sides are sleeked close to the head and the hair is kept in place with two side combs.

If you're an exciting party planned for the evening, don't forsake a daily swim for an elegant hairdo later on. You can have them both. Simply set your hair the moment you take off your swimming cap. A smooth page boy topping a billowy skirt is pretty to see on a summer evening, and is pie-easy to set. Comb the hair into three sections—one large back section and two small side ones. Make about five large pin curls all rolling in the same direction across the back section. The two side sections should be curled toward your face. You've finished your set! Now you can cover it with a "Capri cap"—a clip-on scarf cap made of bright cotton which is light enough to allow the sun's warmth in to dry your hair, yet strong enough to protect your hair and head from the direct glare of a blazing sun. These Capri caps have a



Drawings by Glentex

Two versions of the Capri Cap

variety of decorations—from big colored pompons over the ears, to Mexican coins that jingle about your shoulders—and they take a jiffy to put on. If you don't need to wear a covering on your head—because the sun isn't too strong at the moment—attach small bows of colored ribbon to your bobby pins before you pin your curls. This will hide the snail effect and look gay. Scatter a few extra colored bows on top of your head.

"After-Swim" Hair Styles—Short Hair

Short hair is a joy in the summertime, provided it has been skillfully cut. "Shortie" cuts look cool and saucy. They dry fast and top a swim suit or formal gown equally well. Best of all, they are definitely manageable.

If you've had a short-short cut and your hair is rod-straight, you can look gammlike even when your hair is sopping. Just comb down the front part so that it forms bangs on your forehead; then bring the rest of the hair smoothly down with a slight forward movement to create a cap effect.

Hair that is short and wet, with a tendency to curl, should be towed briskly for a couple of minutes—especially at the hair roots. Then it can be combed up and back. This gives the

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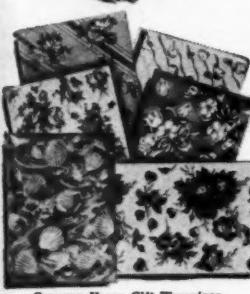
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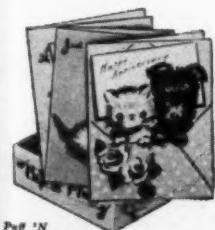
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hair height and body, along with a clean outdoor look. Medium short hair can be combed while wet into approximately the style it was originally given when cut—it will dry surprisingly close to it. While it is drying a spray of homemade flowers can be worn over one ear, or a tiara of baby rosebuds on a headband will hold every wisp in place until dry.

Keep It Under Your "Hat"

To stretch out—face buried in your arms on your own special plot of towel—and to feel the sun warm against your back and shoulders is bliss. But consider yourself entitled to it only if your head is well protected! Cover your top with a huge straw sombrero, a Chinese coolie hat, a new Capri cap, or whatever you will—only don't leave your hair unprotected for a long period in the direct glare of the sun. In double-quick time the heat will dry out the natural oils, leaving your hair sun-baked and frizzy, discolored and coarse. Don't give it half a chance!

In warm weather shampoo your hair more often than usual. About every five days is fine. Use a reputable brand of liquid or cream shampoo. If only cake soap is available, shave a little off into a small amount of warm water and allow it to dissolve, rather than directly

applying a soap cake to your hair. After your first rinse, lather up again. The first suds do a workmanlike job of removing dust, perspiration; the second suds brighten the highlights of your hair. Climax each shampoo with a creme rinse. Creme-rinsing not only helps to restore the oils in hair that has been exposed to the sun but it softens coarseness. To use, dilute one tablespoon of creme rinse in a cup of water and work thoroughly through the hair with your hands. Then douse—for the last time—in clear cool water. Here's a special tip. Try brushing your hair, with an immaculate hairbrush, right after your shampoo and see how manageable your hair becomes. And don't forget daily brushing—it's even more important in summer than winter.

Mild sunlight is good for your hair. If it is clean and healthy, your hair is at its loveliest under the sunlight, and seems to be full of surprises. What you had taken for light-brown hair—mouse variety—is golden wheat, soft and glinting. Black hair gleams chunks of auburn in all directions, and blond hair turns into shimmering flax. It is as though hair really comes to life under the sun, and instead of one solid mass of hair, one sees a rippling mobile of light and shadow. Make the most of yours!

THE END

Grass on the Mountain (Continued from page 15)

During his four years at boarding school Chee had always had a sense of hurry, the feeling that his time was running out. He had tried conscientiously to learn the white man's ways, to follow the instructions of his teachers. He had learned to sleep in a bed instead of on sheepskins on the floor. Slowly he had learned to eat vegetables, although at first they nauseated him. It had been many years since he had worn his hair long. He had learned how to use a handkerchief, how to sit on chairs, how to play basketball, and to say "excuse me." But what could he do now with these things he had learned? He felt somehow that there was no place for him in the white man's world. It had not brought him true satisfaction in the thing he loved.

But the ugly, harsh, cruel life of the reservation was not what he wanted either. Crude-ness, ugliness, squalor, poverty, toil—how could one exist under these things? Where each day's living was a battle with the elements, the drawing of pictures seemed childish and silly. How could one lonely, unhappy boy find the turquoise trail when it was so deeply hidden?

All during this last school term he had hoped desperately that he might find some way out of his dilemma. If only some good fortune might come to him—a job, maybe, that would enable him to stay in Santa Fe and to care for his family, too—but none of the art shops in the city had any place for him, and the few pictures he was able to sell to tourists in the Plaza on Saturdays brought scarcely enough to pay for paints and brushes. Then, at graduation time, he was offered a scholarship to a fine art school in the East. Sick at heart, he told his teacher that he could not accept it; he showed him the letter he had just received from his mother. It had been written for her by the trader. On the Navajo reservation, she said, times were hard; the winter had brought much snow and many sheep had died; spring was late in coming and the grass was very short; already they had moved up to the summer pastures in the mountains. She needed help desperately; each

day she looked toward Santa Fe, awaiting his return.

Now he would soon be home. The desert would swallow him into its dry intensity—its ceaseless toil wearing his body, its gritty sand grinding away at his mind, roughening and stiffening his fingers, burning away his talent. What a fool he was to love, better than life itself, the painting of pictures!

It was late afternoon now, and Chee Yazie's eyes were arrested by the purple, finger-like shadows that Navajo Mountain laid across the mesa. How would one get that color? he wondered. See how it barred the harsh light, giving dignity to the low, scrubby mesquite and cacti, making a coolness in the mind, although the air arose from the furnacelike desert as hot as ever.

Now the old school bus began to mount the upland—grinding protestingly up steep grades, brushing among the thorny manzanita, and finding its way through a forest of gnarled and tortured piñons. Abruptly, in his mind, he tasted their sweet fruit, and grinned briefly in memory of happy piñon-gatherings of his childhood—the sharp, thin mountain air, campfires at night, and Medicine Man's ancient tales; then falling asleep in the juniper and sage-scented darkness, with stars wheeling, close and comforting, overhead. Why could one not be as the gods, he sighed, never older, never changed?

Dusk moved nearer now, caught in the evergreens and under the overhang of huge red sandstone buttes and towering mesas. Of a sudden he caught his breath and leaned against the window. Below, spread out on the valley floor, was the last daylight—disappearing in rose and gold and smoky purple behind old Winged Rock, the grim, sacred emblem of his people, standing solitary and gaunt with great wings spread there on the level of the desert. The shadow of the great stone bird lay like a huge stain on the sand; close to its feet grazed a herd of sheep; in the clear, dry air he could almost see them lower and raise their heads to crop and eat the short grass

around the spring he knew to be there. He could almost see the face of the girl in the long, billowing, blue skirt and carmine blouse, who dashed from side to side, urging them onward toward the safety of their corral against the coming of darkness. Unconsciously his fingers curved as if around a brush and his eye, measuring shadow, depth, and color, put these details away in his mind. No longer did he feel any discomfort as the old bus, jolting and coughing, labored on the steep grades and climbed higher into the remote country of the Dineh.

His forehead bumped against the window glass. Impatiently he craned the protesting thing out of his way and thrust his head out of the window, drinking in the sharp smell of the piñons, sand, mesquite, sagebrush, and sheep. Long he looked, while excitement began to tingle within him, and then, without knowing it, his trembling hands fumbled a pencil from his pocket and he jerked at his portfolio to get a piece of paper. That purple shadow, like a giant wing across the desert, that bare, towering rock—that was something he understood, something he loved—that was real. *Ai yai!* if he could get it down before the light went. He craned his neck, and his fingers, swift and sure now, did their work.

Then the old bus lurched around a turn and cut off his view. Chee Yazzie sat back and studied his drawing. It gave him a good feeling. It seemed right. Somehow those quick, spare strokes told a story—the story of his people—his story. It made him feel the evening coolness after the burning day, and how the sand holds the sun deep underneath even when night has spread out his black blanket over the desert. It brought him the bleating of sheep, the sound of blowing sand, the dance feeling. When it was finished, this would be a good picture; he knew it.

Reaching into his portfolio he drew out a few drawings and held them, one by one, beside the one he had just made. A pile of cones and prisms, flowers in a blue vase, the charming water color of the La Fonda patio—what cheap, silly things they were. How could he have wasted his time with such things? He grunted with distaste, crumpled them in his hand and threw them out the window. A small, quickening evening breeze caught the papers, scattering them. One, he saw, blew into the gnarled, scaly arms of a stunted juniper growing bent-backed away from the wind, out of the rocks. The paper fluttered wildly and clung there, and Chee Yazzie watched it and laughed aloud. Now he knew what was wrong with his pictures, what his teacher meant, why the white man's world had no place for him, why he was unsatisfied with himself. He had been trying to live and work in ways that had no meaning to him, in ways that for him were not truth. He must draw life, not pictures. He must be great and wise like that old Winged Rock, with its feet planted in the burning sand and its head high up in the air of the mountains.

He smiled and leaned against the back of the seat. Closing his eyes he hummed, low in his throat, the song of a Navajo who has his work and his way and finds them beautiful and good. He thought of his old teacher, Mrs. Henry, whom he had not seen since the day he first left the reservation. If she had not yet left for her summer vacation she would still be at the day school, and he knew it would be good to talk to her again and to show her the sketch he had just made. He would ride there tomorrow.

A long time after the bus had passed Los

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by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK



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TANGANYIKA—British East African adventure in Technicolor makes an absorbing picture. Van Heflin, Ruth Roman, and Howard Duff are involved in a safari to track down a tribe, led by a mysterious European, that has terrorized the settlers. A young boy, his small sister, and their donkeys nearly bring disaster to the party. With ambushes, desertions, and jungle dangers, suspense mounts as the safari nears its goal and the picture comes to an exciting, surprise ending. (Univ.-Int'l)



THE STUDENT PRINCE—The romantic, always-popular musical story of the love of a prince for an innkeeper's niece is as charming as ever in color and CinemaScope. The appealing story, Romberg's lilting music, the rich colors in costumes and settings make a picture you will want to see. Ann Blythe is Kathie; Edmund Purdom is Prince Karl (his singing voice is that of Mario Lanza). Others in the large, fine cast are Louis Calhern, Edmund Gwenn, John Erickson. (M-G-M)

JOHNNY DARK—A thrilling Canada-to-Mexico road race; the latest in sports cars; romance; and Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie, Don Taylor, and Ilka Chase add up to an exciting, entertaining picture. A young engineer designs an experimental sports car. Over the opposition of his boss, but aided by the boss' granddaughter, he enters it in a big race. The disappointments and successes, the fast action and suspense hold the interest right to the finish line in the final race. (Univ.-Int'l)



Chitti and Two Gray Hills, the driver stopped. "You are home, Chee Yazzie," he said. "Me, I hope somebody in Washington fixes the road before I must drive this grandmother up the mountains next September."

"Good-by! Good-by!" called the few students who were still on the bus. "See you next week maybe, at the Squaw Dance at Tosito."

Chee gathered up his shabby suitcase, paintbox, and portfolio, and put them on the ground; then he waved his friends out of sight. For a long time he stood, looking after the bus until his eyes lost it in the thickening darkness. Panic seized him then for a moment, and a small, choked cry burst from him. He clenched his hands, bit his lips, then he drew himself tall and faced toward his mother's hogan cradled under a stone cliff down in the draw. Night lay dark over the corrals and the little cornfield, but now, as if awaiting his coming, a cooking fire suddenly flowered in a high tongue of flame, throwing its light on the hogan and the figure of his mother, coming in dignity and with a glad face to meet him.

For one instant he saw her standing there, tall, strong, with the orange light all about her, illuminating her brown, seamed face. "Yaheche, my son comes home," she said proudly. He squared his thin, schoolboy's shoulders a little and looked beyond her at the hogan, so like the earth from which it sprang—at the peeled timbers of the corrals where their sheep huddled in safety. The firelight threw crazy shadows on the brush shelter and the clumsy weaving loom before the door. Abruptly he felt as though he had never been away, as though the four years at boarding school were nothing, except that now he knew many things he had not known before.

Strength ran in his veins. He thought of the pictures he had made; flowers and fruit, fountains and vines, black and gray angles and squares. Amusement twisted his lips. School exercises for children! No wonder they had not satisfied him. But here now, ready to his hand and his brushes, was life: people, religion, tradition, things of meaning. And he understood everything—the way it was and why it was—the heat, the burning, dry sand, the desert rocks and the starved horses, the sheep with their everlasting stench, the way his people lived, in ignorance and disease, the hard work, the poverty.

Fiercely he hated it all—the sheepskin beds, the eating from a pot without forks or spoons, the ugliness, the lonesomeness. But he himself was part of all this now, and he would seize his brushes and pencils in the morning and begin to draw it so that everyone else would understand this land and these people. Maybe he could bring help to his people. Here was his life! It would not be easy, but he would be as strong and seeing and enduring as old Winged Rock. He would manage his life and he would be successful. Somehow he knew.

Over there on the rock cliff the early morning light would fall first. He gritted his teeth; his fingers curved, and his eye measured. Already in his mind he knew how hot it would be. What a fool he had been! No wonder he had carried home his pictures unsold each Saturday from the Plaza; they were worthless.

Gravely he stooped and took up his burdens. "Yaheche, Shima," he said in a quiet voice. "Here is your son who has come home."

THE END



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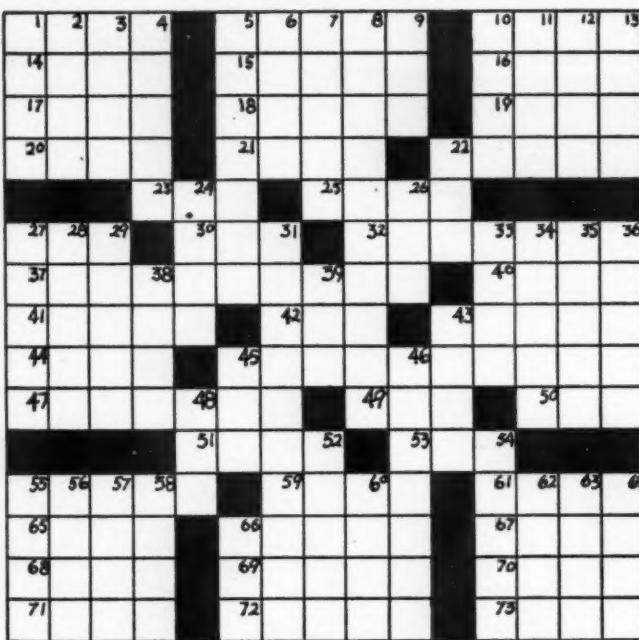
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CROSSWORD PUZZLE

by DR. HARRY LANGMAN



ACROSS

- 1. Thick slice
- 5. Public storehouse
- 10. Food fish
- 14. To load
- 15. Let descend
- 16. Lily-like plant
- 17. Send forth
- 18. Rub out
- 19. Precept
- 20. Fruit of a palm
- 21. Abscess
- 22. Citrus fruit
- 23. Allow
- 25. Engage
- 27. Part of verb to be
- 30. Obtained
- 32. Peas, beans, etc.
- 37. Combined into a whole
- 40. Police spy
- 41. Closes sharply
- 42. Prohibit
- 43. Scorch
- 44. To cover with stone (as a road)
- 45. Discernment
- 47. One who slumbers
- 49. Epoch
- 50. Devoured
- 51. Small Indian coin

DOWN

- 53. Part of the body
- 55. Sweetmeat
- 59. Sorrowing exclamation
- 61. Rim
- 65. Above
- 66. A scenic view (as of land or sea)
- 67. Of no legal force
- 68. Flat-topped hill (Southwest United States)
- 69. Change
- 70. Malt beverages
- 71. Affectionately artistic
- 72. Acts
- 73. Unit of force (physics)
- 1. Snow vehicle
- 2. Tibetan priest
- 3. Mine entrance
- 4. Nut of Asiatic palm
- 5. Voter
- 6. Political conservative (English)
- 7. Overflowed by water
- 8. Devastating contagious epidemic
- 9. Before (poetic)
- 10. Without cover
- 11. Astringent crystal
- 12. To perform by oneself
- 13. Observed
- 22. Limb
- 24. Breakfast food
- 26. A rich color
- 27. Small bunches (as of hay)
- 28. Record of a single event
- 29. Barrel rib
- 31. Place of worship
- 33. A distinct part
- 34. A craze
- 35. Fungus disease of cereals and grasses
- 36. Variant of skein
- 38. Fencing foil
- 39. Thick, dark substance
- 43. Mast (nautical)
- 45. Writing implement
- 46. Parts of pencils
- 48. Remuneration
- 52. Winged
- 54. Variant of maenad
- 55. Trance
- 56. Declare
- 57. Bird's home
- 58. Low, open cart
- 60. Imitated
- 62. Properly
- 63. Secluded valley
- 64. Otherwise
- 66. Sorrowful

For solution turn to page 46

Water Sprite

(Continued from page 13)

swimming keeps her fit, she's able to accomplish so much.

"It's a good idea for girls to be interested in a sport," she says. "Swimming is inexpensive—and it keeps you slim! There's no diet or exercise problem, except a special diet the day of a meet. You get a big appetite from the water, but swimming keeps your weight down."

Carin is 5 feet 4½ inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. The day before a meet, she limits her menu to steak and fruit juice; at all other times she is unafraid of cake, pie, or any other rich food.

But swimming is not Carin's whole story. At Ridgewood's Benjamin Franklin Junior High School she makes straight A's, was treasurer of her eighth-grade class this year, played the flute in the school orchestra, and was also a prodigious fan of both popular and classical music, football and baseball games.

"My favorite baseball club?" she repeated. "It's the Yankees!" A sly smile revealed a row of shining white teeth. "You see, Tommy Henrich lives in our town."

At home Carin has a couple of playmates, Boots and Bouncer, of whom she is very fond. Being Persian kittens, they do not share her feeling for swimming.

Carin's love of sewing began in her Girl Scout troop, when she was fulfilling the requirements for the Sewing badge. But it didn't end there. She is very proud of the dress she recently made from an AMERICAN GIRL pattern.

The grown-up future? Sometimes she thinks it is a long way off; sometimes it seems very close indeed. After high school she hopes to find a college that is high in its scholastic rating, but that likewise has a good swimming team. "It may be Purdue," she says.

Meanwhile there will be more high school, more swimming meets, perhaps more championships. The English Channel? No; almost everyone else plans to swim it, but not Carin. "I've been in two-and-a-half-mile races, and that's enough!"

The Olympics? She grins shyly. "I'd certainly like to go; I don't know whether I'm good enough or not!"

Aqua star Esther Williams?

Carin jumped up from her seat beside the pool, as she answered that query. "Oh, she's wonderful! I see all her films! I hope she'll soon make another as good as 'Easy to Love'!"

THE END

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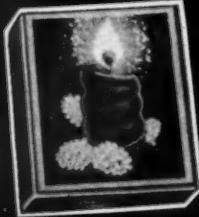
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ACTION



New Jersey Scouts at the take-off of the first Help Korea Train. Also in the picture are General James A. Van Fleet (center) and Dr. Howard Rusk of the American-Korean Foundation, in light suits. Standing in front of Dr. Rusk is Mrs. Wendell Willkie. Next to her is Mrs. Charles A. Loreto, of the Girl Scout International Committee. At the extreme right is Mrs. Sang Ho Lee, the liaison officer for the Girl Scouts of Korea



Mickey Carroll photo

All Over the Map

Headline News in Girl Scouting

WHEN THE FIRST of the "Help Korea Trains" left New York a few weeks ago to gather up supplies which had been contributed for Korea, a group of girls and adults from the North Hudson, New Jersey, council represented the Girl Scout organization at the ceremonies which preceded the train's departure.

There was a good reason for the Girl Scouts to have been honored with an invitation to the ceremonies. The people at Girl Scout national headquarters know the importance of the uniform to Girl Scouts and Guides—how much this symbol of "belonging" can mean to girls who have lived through the uncertainties and dangers of actual war. So when plans for the "Help Korea Trains" were announced, national headquarters had suggested to all councils that Girl Scouts throughout the country might contribute through the trains the makings of Girl Scout uniforms for Korean Scouts.

The response was immediate and heart-warming. Boxes upon boxes poured into the warehouses from Girl Scout groups in every part of the country. When the boxes, which are now being shipped, reach Korea the uniform materials will be distributed through the Korean Girl Scout organization, which will furnish the patterns for the uniforms. (This was, of course, an entirely separate project from "Kits for Korea.") You will be interested to know, by the way, that more than 34,000 kits for Korea already have been sent by Girl Scouts to the American Relief for Korea.)

At the ceremonies in New York, the Girl Scouts were greeted by the Korean ambassa-

dor, leaders of the American-Korean Foundation, and other important guests. A representative of the Korean Girl Scouts told the New Jersey girls how much the Scouts of her country appreciated the supplies which American Girl Scouts are sending them. The Girl Scouts also met the boys and girls of the Korean Children's Choir, which has been on a concert tour of the United States. The speakers who told of the great need for the supplies with which the train was loaded impressed the girls very much, and they were proud that the Girl Scouts had contributed so generously to the project.

Then, as TV singer Eddie Fisher led the audience in "God Bless America," the long freight train, flying American and Korean flags, slowly gathered speed and rolled off on its errand of help.

EVERY WEEK, by ship and by plane, letters come to us from readers all over the world. Sometimes they bring news of Girl Guide and Scout activities for us to share with you. A Girl Guide from Belfast, Northern Ireland, writes:

"I will tell you a little about some of our activities last year, which may be of interest for 'All Over the Map.'

"As last year was Coronation Year, Guides all over the British Isles had a very special new badge. It was called the Coronation Tribute Badge. Every Guide took it upon herself to do some work for the community or to make something which would be a tribute to our lovely young queen. Some Guides helped the aged; others taught in Sunday schools; others collected toys for children's homes.

"The Claffinch and Nightingale Patrols (I belong to the latter) made scrapbooks of the life of Queen Elizabeth II. When these scrapbooks were completed they were sent to a Girl Scout troop in the United States with which we now correspond."

AT THE annual birthday celebration of the Concord, New Hampshire, Girl Scout Council the "candles" on the cake are not candles at all, but a large numeral made with electric-light bulbs, which flashes out the anniversary number. Each year the numeral is arranged by members of the local fire department, and as a "thank you" the Scouts share the birthday cake with them. The annual cooky sale in Concord starts at the end of the birthday party, and the fire department gives it a head start by blowing the fire siren to let the community know that the Girl Scouts will be calling to take orders for cookies. That is pretty fine community cooperation!

More than six hundred Girl Scouts and leaders, including three lone troops from neighboring towns, attended Concord's party this year. They particularly enjoyed the film, "Hands Around the World," and hearing a Girl Scout and a leader talk about their visit to Our Chalet in Switzerland.

DID YOU EVER PAINT A BEAR? Brownie Scouts of Troop 26, Lyndora, Pennsylvania (Butler Area Council) did—and found it fun and profitable, too.

The "bears" actually were clear glass containers for a commercial syrup which, when

emptied, doubled as banks. A number of the banks were painted by the Brownies as the troop's contribution to a community Girl Scout fair, and sold like the proverbial hot cakes. The profits from the fair and the Girl Scout cookey sale helped pay for the new dining hall at Camp Trefoil in Butler County.

This troop has enjoyed a varied and interesting program. Among its community-service activities were such things as earning a donation toward a new truck for the local volunteer fire department by running errands and doing small chores for families and friends; collecting clothing, books, and toys for less fortunate children; making gifts for a preschool shut-in child. Since last spring one of the troop members has been confined to her home by illness, and the troop sends her weekly letters that keep her up to date on its activities. Gifts of cards, fruit, books, or little novelties go to her each week, as well as special holiday remembrances. A short springtime hike ended at the home of their shut-in troopmate, so that the girls could bring her the flowers they had picked on the way.

The Brownies love to give parties. Two of their most enjoyable were a party given for pre-school children, and a mothers' tea party. As favors for their mothers the girls made pretty sea-shell scatter pins. A gift also was presented to a special guest at the tea party—a music teacher who had given many hours of her time to teach the troop singing.

In preparation for their fly-up in May, Brownies of this troop spent several weeks learning the Girl Scout Laws, their meaning, and their purpose. Week by week, as each Law was memorized and discussed the girls, with the help of their leader, gave it practical application by relating it to incidents in their own daily experience.

Among the things the girls have planned for the summer is a trip to Pittsburgh, which will be financed with money earned by a cookey sale. Plans for this trip include a tour of the H. J. Heinz Company plant and a visit to the beautiful indoor flower gardens of the Phipps Conservatory.

 **WHEN A MEMBER** of Troop 170 of the Tacoma, Washington, Council knocked on a certain door during a cookey sale, she

did not dream that the door would open to a wonderful four-year project for her troop!

The lady who answered the Girl Scout's knock could not speak, and with her were two little girls (one a-year-and-a-half, the other two-and-a-half-years old) also unable to speak. The Girl Scout and the children liked one another on sight, and the mother, who "talked" with the visitor through notes, asked her to come again and, perhaps, help the children to learn to speak. She agreed, and when the other girls in Troop 170 learned what she was doing, they asked if they could help, too. And so the unusual project got under way.

The leader of the troop had taken a course in speech training, and under her guidance the troop began to work with the children. The parents of the little girls had lost their hearing and speech through illness. The children were born normal, but because they had not had contact with speaking people, their ability to speak had not developed, though they could read lips and use the sign language taught them by their parents.

The Scouts began by bringing the little girls, who were very shy and did not play with other children, to a monthly troop meeting. The first teaching step was a name game. One Girl Scout would bow to another, who would then pronounce, very clearly and distinctly, the name of the first Scout. The children thought this great fun and quickly joined in the game. It was slow work that called for boundless patience and sympathetic understanding. And it was a joyful meeting, months later, when the children proudly named each girl in the troop, and announced their own names.

At this point the troop divided into groups of three or four, so that each girl had an opportunity to work with the children, always under the supervision of the leader. After the name games the Scouts taught the youngsters simple nursery rhymes and songs; took them on visits to a school kindergarten where the Scouts were allowed to use pictures, special craft objects, and toys in their work with the children. By taking the girls with them on special occasions, like caroling and short trips, they brought them into contact with speaking people with whom they had to talk, and so their shyness gradually was overcome.

Teaching these two little girls to speak was a long-term, exciting project for Troop 170, Tacoma, Washington

Photograph by Jean B. Johnston



THE AMERICAN GIRL

At the end of the first year the children could speak complete sentences. But then the Scouts discovered that they did not know colors. So back to the kindergarten they went, to teach their pupils to identify and name colors.

And so it went on, step by step, month by month. Now, at the end of four years, both children have totally overcome their speech difficulties, and the elder has started school. Their parents, deeply appreciative of what the Girl Scouts have accomplished, purchased a television set so that the children would have contact with speaking people right in their own home. The little girls have made an excellent adjustment to neighborhood children and are as full of fun and chatter as any of their friends. Troop 170 still includes the little girls in many of its special events. Caroling is one of the things to which the youngsters look forward eagerly each year.

For the Girl Scouts it has been a deeply satisfying and rewarding experience. They have received as well as given; learned as well as taught; shared in a wonderful adventure in human relationships.

THE END

HAVE A GOOD VACATION

School's out, and the long, free days of summer stretch ahead, full of enticing possibilities. We hope you will enjoy every one of them.

If your troop carries on special activities this summer—trips here or there, camping, a different or interesting project, we hope that you will send an account of it to "All Over the Map." Send photographs, too, if you have them—clear, black-and-white prints in good focus, 4" x 5" or larger. The best pictures are those that show girls in natural, relaxed groupings, or busy about some activity.

When photographing girls in uniform, take a minute before the shutter clicks to make sure they are wearing it well: that ties are correctly tied; waistlines trim; hems even; hose and shoes neat. When Seniors are in a picture, have in mind that when Seniors have earned the SSS emblem, this should replace the badge sashes. The emblem and sash are not worn together.

These bear banks, painted by Brownies of Troop 26, Lyndora, Pennsylvania, were popular items at the Girl Scout fair



43



Ahoy, Mariners!

by JOAN YARD



*A thousand Girl Scouts help
old Triton blow his horn!*

As I was walking on the Quay,
Hoo-dah, to my hoodah,
A pretty girl I chanc'd to see,
Hoodah, hoodah day.
Blow, boys, blow,
For California . . .

Yes, for California, Tierra del Fuego, San Diego . . . But of course you should have been there when the Southern California Mariner Gam was being held!

What's a gam? That's easy! Ask any whale. You see, the whales started it all, by gamboling and frolicking whenever a few of them happened to meet at some crossroads of the high seas. Next, the crews of sailing vessels, long ago, took up the idea. Whenever two ships met, after lonely months at sea, they had a social get-together with events that tested their nautical skill, and they called it a gam. Finally, the Girl Scout Mariners adopted the gam tradition that had come right down from the whales.

And what a whale of a gam it was at Tierra del Fuego, on Mission Bay near San Diego a few weeks ago! Mariner Ships (troops to you) had blown in from all over Southern California to take part in the program of swimming, boating, sailing, and nautical land skills—plus primitive troop camping on the beach.

Pretty girls? Yes siree! Somewhere around a thousand of them—all capable of tying a fancy knot for a lanyard, pulling



Photos by Jean B. Johnston

an oar with confident stroke, handling the sheets of a sailboat or taking its helm, and in between times whipping up delectable chow with only the merest peppering of sand.

These Southern California gams started in 1937, when fifty Mariners took part in one that was held at Laguna Beach. Since then there have been eighteen gams. With the news of what fun they were, the attendance has soared.

Mariners, as you know, are Senior Girl Scouts in the ninth-through-twelfth grades, who are interested in nautical activities. Each group selects the name of the ship by which its troop will be known. A gay but busy time they have, too—for in addition to meeting the other requirements of the Five-Point Senior Program, they must bone up on many skills. A Mariner Scout learns to signal with flags, Morse code, semaphores. She studies the rules of the road that prevent collisions at sea, practices boat handling, swimming, first aid. To take part in a gam, she must also have primitive camping skills. And—no wonder she's pretty: sun and wind and exercise are the finest prescription in the world for a graceful figure, a bronzed skin and radiance!

Tierra del Fuego, where the 1954 Annual Gam was held, is a sandy isthmus between Mission Bay and the model yacht basin. The big event started on April 30, with an evening campfire, the singing of chantneys, like the one we have quoted, and a jolly get-acquainted time.

Next morning reveille was at 6:30, with the formal raising of the colors. Then followed a program of events that included swimming, rowing, canoeing, and sailing, judged both for seamanship and speed; sailboat identification; and interpretation of ships' bells and Navy time. Awards earned by individual girls are credited to their ships. Ships earning 130 or more points are classified as "Clippers"; those with 90 to 130 are "Schooners"; those with 50 to 90 are "Sloops"; and all with less than 50 are "Cat Boats." This year there were 8 Clippers, 20 Schooners, 19 Sloops, 12 Cat Boats.

On Sunday morning, after Scouts' Own—an inspirational service in which all Scouts reaffirm the Girl Scout Promise and Laws—everyone went on a tour of San Diego Harbor—one of the largest in the world—as guests of the 11th Naval District. No whale, no crew of an old-time sailing vessel, ever had any such exciting time!

THE END

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**ANSWER TO
THE CROSSWORD PUZZLE
ON PAGE 40**



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SHIRLEY LEE, PAGE 17

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Hereby Hangs a Tale (Continued from page 23)

something with conversation," Ruby said. "It's not just an essay—it's people talking."

"H'm! We're talking right here—but it's not a story, even if you put it down on paper."

"No, it's not," Sola agreed. "You have to make the characters up. If they're real, it isn't fiction—it's like an account you read in the newspaper."

Ned shook his head. "I'm not sure about that. Some of the greatest fiction has been based on real life, you know."

"A lot of fiction isn't real," Ruby protested. "I read a story the other day about a fellow and girl who flew a rocket ship to the moon. That wasn't real."

"No—that's for sure!"

"And when you write something real, they tell you it's not a story," Sola insisted. "I could write all about how you're building your own bungalow, but they'd say it wasn't fiction."

"It probably wouldn't be. It might be a good article, though. It would interest people who want to build bungalows. A straight-line account can be fine—but it's not a story."

"No, a story can't be that tame," Ruby decided. "It has to be about people doing something exciting. People read stories because their own lives are dull, and they want something to pep them up—not just more of the same."

"And since millions of people build houses you feel that's more of the same, don't you?"

"Sure. You could never make a story out of it."

Ruby glanced up at Ned and saw that he was chuckling, as if he'd hit on a joke. "I hope you never meet my editors," he said. "You see, I just wrote and sold a story about a man building his own lakeside shack. It was based—well, more or less—on this one."

Sola and Ruby exchanged puzzled glances. "I've tried to make stories out of things I did," Sola sighed. "They just never come off!"

"Tell me about one of them."

"Well, there was one about the role I had in the high school play. I was wonderful at rehearsals, everybody thought. But when the curtain went up I was scared to death. All of a sudden, I just couldn't remember the next line I had to say to Bob McPherson. He kept punching the sofa cushions on the couch on stage, and the more he punched, the worse I got. I was so ashamed."

"What happened then?"

"I was saved—just when I thought they'd have to ring the curtain down. You see, Bob caught on that I'd forgotten the next line. He walked over to the table, and wrote it on a scrap of paper. And he handed it to me, as if that were part of the play. After that, my stage fright was gone. The rest was swell. At the end, I got a big round of applause. It was very exciting! But I sent it to our teenage magazine—and it didn't get in!"

Ned was thoughtful. "You had one important element of a story there: a problem."

"And I told how I felt about it. Shouldn't fiction tell how you feel about something that's very important to you?"

"I'd say it's a good beginning. A problem and how someone feels about it—yes, that's a fair start for a story. It's not the whole thing! How about it, Ruby? Why do you think Sola's story failed?"

"Not enough happened. You start to wonder what she's going to do—and then it all works out without enough fuss."

"Ah—I think you've hit on something there. You wonder what she's going to do about her problem—and she doesn't do anything! Someone else does. These lazy heroines who believe in 'letting George do it' are no good for fiction. You've got to be hard on them—make them work it out themselves."

Sola had been sitting with puckered brows. "I wrote another," she said, "about a girl who was going steady with a boy, and then he told her he was breaking it off because he'd met a girl he liked better."

"That's a good problem. What did she do about that?"

"She cried a lot at first. She felt as if she'd never go out again. There was a prom coming up, and she wasn't going to go to it. But then, leaving school one day, she met the pitcher on the baseball team. She'd always been crazy about him—much more than the other fellow—but she never thought he'd look at her. But now that she wasn't going steady, he did."

"H'm—not really much of a struggle, eh? Does there always have to be a struggle?"

"What do you think?"

"It seems as if there does. But I like a happy ending, don't you?"

"Yes—I never went much for tragedy."

Ruby had an idea. "How about a surprise ending? I wrote a story about a family where everyone picked on one little girl. They'd

push her off whatever chair she sat on, put her to bed when she wanted to stay up, chase her all over the house, and do terrible things. She had a problem—and she solved it by going ahead and doing what she pleased and getting just horrible if anyone interfered. You wondered how she could do that, but in the last line I explained that she was the family cat. I tried to make it a big surprise."

Ned looked at her sternly. "Definitely, I loathe surprise endings!" he declared. "You talk about the trick of fiction—but remember it's not a trick you play on the reader. To trick the reader might offend him!"

"Some writers do it."

"Some of the best have done it. But their stories were good in spite of that! Never because of it!"

"I guess we still don't understand about fiction," said Sola. "It isn't just conversation, or something that happened, or something you make up. So what?"

"So what?" Ned smiled. "I think you girls have answered that in your own way."

"You mean about having a problem?"

"Yes—first a character—one we see clearly and understand. The character has a problem and does something about it himself. At first we think it's going to lick him. He's down for the count—maybe. But just before the bell rings, he jumps up and goes at the problem again—maybe once, maybe twice, maybe three times—till he licks it. It's those ups and downs of his struggle with the problem that make it a story full of excitement and suspense. If someone steps in and saves him, it's no dice! No more so than if you held the tightrope walker up on the rope, or carried the baseman around the field to give him a home run. He's got to make it under his own steam."

"Of course, different people face up to a problem differently," Ruby said.

"Indeed they do. And say—it's a good idea to stick to the character you're writing about. Make him talk the way he would. Give him a problem that fits the sort of person he is,

and see that he solves it without suddenly changing into someone else."

"Some problems are *inside you*," Sola observed. "And I think people do change, if they work out a problem like that."

"They do," Ned conceded, "but not all of a sudden. Our biggest problems are inside ourselves, and they're the toughest to lick. We lick them by gradually getting to understand ourselves and learning to master ourselves after many ups and downs."

Ruby said, "I think I'm beginning to understand what a story is. It's a *fight*—with yourself or somebody else."

"Yes, or just with *something else*," Ned agreed. "All our lives we're battling with problems and obstacles. It's natural we should like to read how someone else took the hurdles. But, Ruby, there are all kinds of fights. Good and bad ones. Ones worth telling, others not."

"How do you decide?"

"What would you say?"

Both girls sat there on the pile of lumber, thinking hard. At last Sola said, "Well, for someone to want to read about it, it seems as if it ought to *mean* something."

"Good girl!" Ned exclaimed. "A story should reveal a meaning that distills out of our struggles. Sometimes, to make the meaning clear, you have to juggle the facts of real life a little, instead of telling them precisely as they happened—as you would in an article. You may have to heighten the struggle, add a few ups and downs, so it will be better understood. That's the fiction writer's job. A story isn't life—it's life painted with a whitewash brush. Exaggerated, a bit—bigger—so people can see what it really means."

"I hope we'll read your bungalow story," Mr. Smiley, Sola said.

"Yes," Ruby added, "and when we do, we'll have fun checking on all the things we've been talking about. I hope it has lots of ups and downs—and that you come out on top!"

Mr. Smiley just grinned.

THE END

By You (Continued from page 22)

That was the last he talked for some time, but now, as he sits and plays with his electric train, he is able to say small sentences that we think we understand.

It is a happy day in our house when our Danny talks.

JO-ANNE JONES (age 14) Murac, California

MILK—1954 STYLE Poetry Award

Pasteurized,
Homogenized,
Then medically tested,
And advertised
As atomized
And maybe predigested.

Refrigerated,
Packaged, dated,
Delivered to the diner,
You can't deny
The part played by
The cow seems rather minor!

DOLORES E. RATH (age 14) Fonda, Iowa

PECANS Nonfiction Award

Pecans are fine in pies, cakes, and desserts, but they mean a lot more to you if you pick them.

One day we decided to pick pecans to add to our Christmas money. Mother gets up at 6 A.M., packs a nice lunch while we kids round up sacks

and buckets to put the pecans in.

Grandma and Aunt Muriel come driving up. They are headed for the pecan trees. We have to go in a rattletrap. (Daddy always gets the good car.) We pack in with the sacks, buckets, lunch, and everything we can think of, including four dogs.

Away we go—over a rub-board road, through woods and pastures. We look over the trees, they have all been thrashed except two, surrounded with nice, sticky mud and water.

We pull our old jalopy to a stop; hesitate, to gain courage. My aunt grabs a pole and begins thrashing with all her might. We all stand as if frozen, when we hear the pecans hitting the cold water.

I pick up a pecan about the size of a thimble. I decide to crack it; inside is a little white worm. I suppose he had lived in that pecan so long he had never had a sun tan.

By this time we realize the tree has been thrashed. Each of us begins to hunt branches from dead trees to put in the mud and water so we can pick up the pecans.

It begins misting rain—and the wind blows horribly. Grandma builds a good warm fire. My aunt has a pair of men's socks on with both heels out. She says her feet get so hot she has to raise her feet out of her shoes every now and then to let her heels cool.

I hear a squeal and groan. Into the water go my sister's big feet. She nearly follows—but

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

catches her balance. It passes as an accident. Nevertheless, she gets to sit by the fire to let her shoes dry.

We finish that tree and someone begins to yell, "Dinner!" My aunt is not prepared to eat dinner with a group. She takes her lunch off to one side and starts to eat. We all get tickled, and beg her to eat with us. We unpack our lunches and sit down. "A perfect lunch!" I brag too soon. We have no bread. As luck would have it Aunt Muriel has bread in her lunch.

"I thought you were asking me to eat with you for manner's sake. You only want this bread!" Aunt Muriel says.

We hop into the jalopy some time later and sail for home. We sleep well that night, dreaming of pecans, rattletrap cars, and how rich we have become.

JOYCE TALKINGTON (age 17) Ardmore, Okla.

WHO KILLED CLARA?

Fiction Award

"Hey, Pop, here are four seats."

"Pass the popcorn."

"What's the movie about?"

"I can't see!"

"Mommy, I have to go to the—"

"I want more popcorn."

"I'm thirsty!"

I settled deeper into my seat, trying to concentrate on who killed Clara.

"I'm still thirsty!"

"I'm gonna get me some more popcorn!"

"Now I can't see!"

I made my bid for silence. "Quiet, please."

"Pass the popcorn, PLEASE!"

"I'm hot."

"I think I saw this movie before."

Again I spoke. "QUIET, PLEASE!"

"Anyone got some gum?"

"Let's get some soda."

"I'm sure I've seen this before!"

I was getting desperate! Who killed Clara? "Shhhhhh!"

"Oh, now I remember! Harvey killed Clara, Carol tips off the cops and Clyde marries Joan. Let's go home!"

"I remember, too! Let's DO go!"

With a sigh of relief I watched them go.

Later, after the movie, I left the theater with a feeling of satisfaction and triumph. Clyde killed Clara and gave himself up, Joan committed suicide, and Harvey married Carol. So there! SUE ANN HARTLEY (age 13) New York, New York

WILL THE ANSWER BE YES OR NO?

Fiction Award

I remember an experience which showed me vividly what it could mean to have a friend. It was June 11, 1953 and I was at Wheelers' barn in Holden. The vet had just come into the barn to check the horses that had been injured in the tornado two days before.

My father finished talking to the vet, and we went in to examine my horse again. For two days, the doctor had said, "I just can't tell yet. These spikes may have gone into her abdominal wall. We'll know soon if she's going to get infected." The tears were coming again, so I went to a stall where they couldn't see me.

This mare was all right. It was just my horse that was suffering.

I turned around and there was my father. He put his arm around me and said the words I had been waiting so long to hear. "She's going to be fine. All she needs is a little medicine, a long rest, and a thirteen-year-old girl to comfort her."

Yes, a friend is always needed to help you when you need him, be it your father, the doctor, or just being where you want most to be. DEBORAH C. PHILIPS (age 13) Worcester, Mass.

THE HIDDEN ENTRANCE

Fiction Award

My name is Abdulla El Ali. I live with my mother and father and my five-year-old sister in Thebes, the capital of Egypt. Last spring I had a terrible adventure.

Our family was quite wealthy. Every few weeks we liked to come and sit, sleep, or play (it depended on the person who was doing it) in the shadow of the Pyramid of Khafre. At this particular time, I was lying on my back in the sand, and finding pictures in the fluffy white clouds above. I must have dozed off, for when I looked around I realized that my sister was no longer playing in the sand with her bird. I looked everywhere for her. A small cry came from somewhere. I looked again, but did not see her. In desperation I looked up. Halfway up the pyramid was my sister grabbing for her bird, which was just out of reach! I looked for my parents, but they were strolling far out in the desert. By the time I could reach them my

THE CLOCK

Poetry Award

Tickity tock, tickity tock,
I keep time, I'm the clock.
At break of day, when all is well,
That is when I ring my bell;
That is when I do my best
To get the children up and dressed.

Tickity tock, tickity tock,
I'm a busy mantel clock.
Home the children come at noon;
Time is short, they go too soon.
I keep the hours while they're away,
I sit and watch them while at play.

Tickity tock, it's getting late.
Oh my goodness! It's almost eight!
Up to bed they all must go.
I'll keep watch here below.
Tickity tock, on the shelf,
I'm a clock, all by myself.

BETTY McINTOSH (age 8) College Park, Maryland

A TYPICAL TEEN-AGE AMERICAN GIRL

Nonfiction Award

About five feet five inches in height, and—in her opinion—slightly overweight because she can't keep her twenty-five-inch waistline down to a trim twenty-four. She has short, light-brown hair and brown eyes, which highlight her sometimes-perfect complexion. Her lips, of course, are the conventional bright red.

A typical teen-age American girl, she prefers skirts, sweaters, bobby-socks and saddles to the Sunday-best clothes she must wear on special occasions. An ardent football, baseball, and basketball fan, she would rather play tennis and leave the other sports to the boys. She gets average—sometimes above-average grades; although she doesn't particularly relish the thought of studying. Outside of school she reads a few books; maybe a classic, some poetry, or a mystery, but she usually returns to the standard high school or career-book romance. She dates frequently, and mostly with the "gang," after which they all end up at "Joe's" for a hamburger, French fries, and cokes. Like most teen-age American girls, she thinks Gregory Peck is "simply out of this world." Naturally, her record collection includes Eddie Fisher's latest hit!

Spare time never finds her idle. She is either out with her friends or maybe baby-sitting for the neighbors. As for hobbies, collecting perfume and miniatures heads her list. She loves dogs and takes full responsibility for the care of her family's cocker spaniel.

Her ambition? After high school graduation—maybe college or a job; that is, until she marries and settles down to raise her own typical, teen-age American girls.

JANE SHEAHAN (age 16) Defiance, Ohio

FATIGUE

Fiction Award

He was sitting at his desk late at night, doing rush work for the boss. He hated to stay away from his wife, but here—where he spent his working hours, his boss was *boss* and what he said went. All was quiet in the room, until suddenly there arose the strangest wail he had ever heard—loud and screeching. Suddenly the door opened violently, and when he turned around, he saw nothing—but felt a hot, oh, so very hot wind rush past him and disappear. He turned back in his seat as if his eyes were following the wind and to his surprise the curtains on the window were moving gracefully as if something had brushed against them. But the windows were closed.

All became very still in the office; so still that he could hear himself breathe and his heart beat like wild drums in a jungle night. His face



PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:
JANET LYMAN (age 13)

Elgin, Oregon

sister might fall. There was nothing to do but go after her myself. I again looked up, and my heart did flip-flops. The rock was crumbling under her feet as she at last reached her bird. With a great effort she gained her balance. My sigh of relief was cut short, for, having found her bird, she realized where she was and promptly toppled over. But she did not come tumbling down the pyramid as I expected. She just disappeared!

Up and I climbed, until at last I was standing on the ledge where she had been. I gasped with fright, for right in front of me was a hidden entrance into the tomb of Khafre. That must have been where she had fallen. I took deep breath and plunged into the darkness that stretched ahead of me like an evil spirit. In front of me always I could hear whimpering as I stumbled along the rock-strewn passage. I must have taken a wrong turn, for soon I could hear it no longer. Suddenly I tripped on something and went down hard, hitting my head on a rock.

When I came to, I could hear the whimpering again, drawing nearer. Then my sister, clutching her bird, tumbled into my arms, frightened, but unhurt. I had my sister, but now a new problem faced me. How to get out!

The hours that followed seemed like an eternity until, without warning, I plunged into a wide shaft of sunlight. Weakly I pulled myself and my sister up through the hole. We were out! Never had the sky seemed so blue, nor the sun so brilliant. Our frightened parents were waiting for us and took us home to a warm bath, supper, and bed.

LINDA THOMPSON (age 13) Arcadia, California

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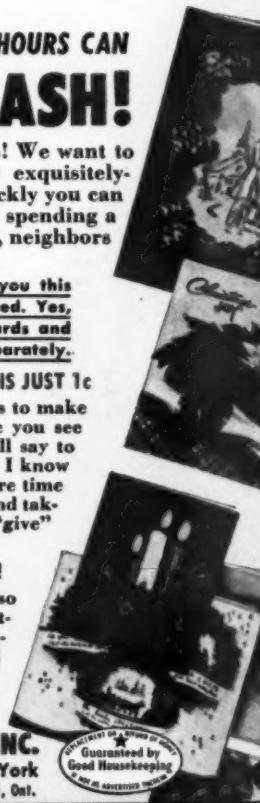
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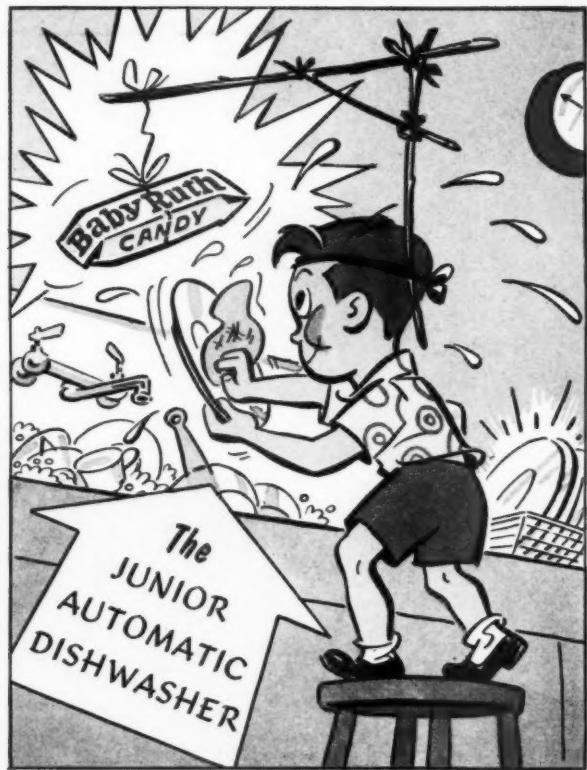
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